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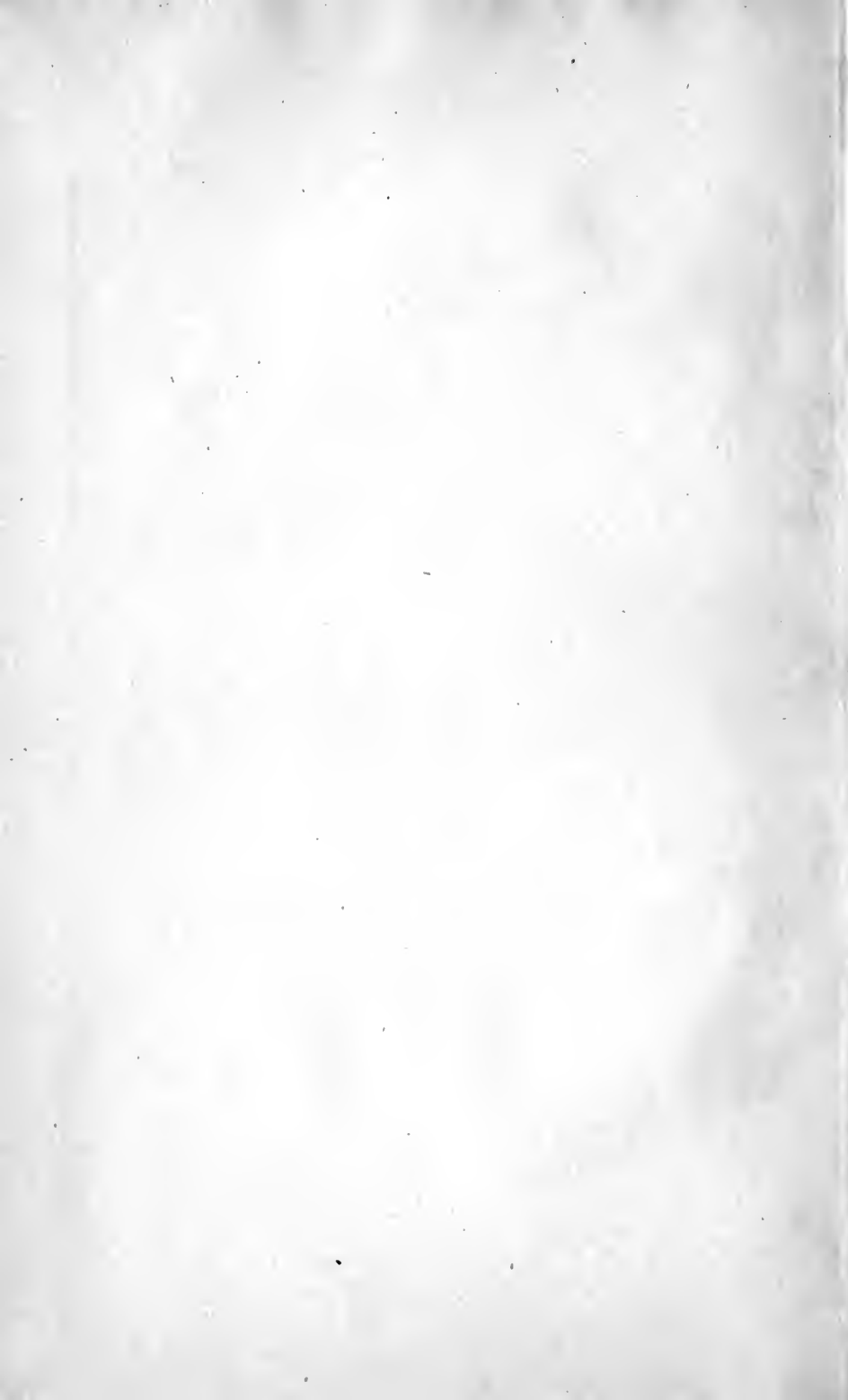
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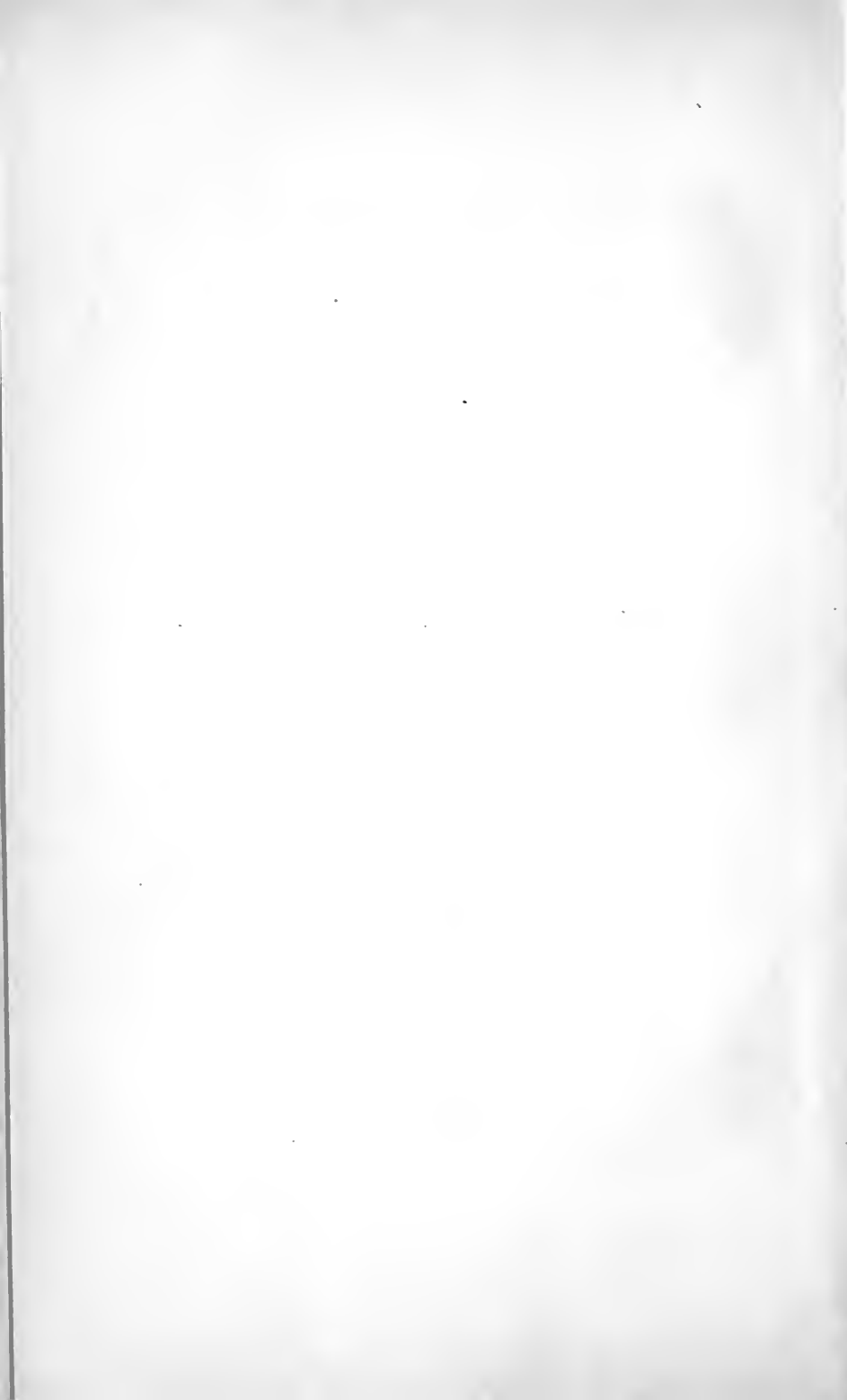


*In the
Highlands
of
Our Dreams*

*By
Wm. D. Totten*

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In the Highlands of Our Dreams

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VERSE

Patriotic

Meditative

Miscellaneous

BY
WILLIAM D. TOTTEN



PETERS PUBLISHING CO.
SEATTLE
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THESE LINES,
AS A TRIBUTE OF LOVE,
ARE DEDICATED TO MY MOTHER.
BY HER CHILD,
THE AUTHOR

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DEC 26 1918

62. 7. 18.
ALONG THE CREEK

Down along the riffles in the windings of the creek,
Where we went a-fishing when the foliage was thick,
And the berries ripened, and the bumblebees would nest,
Was a pleasant place to play—seemed to us the best,
Youthful souls were happy then, shouting like old Nick,
Down along the riffles in the windings of the creek.

62. 7. 18.
Oft we'd be in clover blooms along the grassy bank
Watching ducks a-swimming as they, diving, rose or
sank,—

Saw the mink a-trotting in the paths where overhung
Branches of the leafy trees in which the robin sung;
Then again we'd scamper with our boyish fun and trick,
Down along the riffles in the windings of the creek.

When the days were fairest we would stroll with hook
and line,—

See the minnows rolling, turning, in the water shine;
Or upon a restful spot near the fishing hole
Watch the cork uneasy bobbing on the fishing pole
Or would play in shallows splashing, romping double
quick

Having fun a-plenty in the windings of the creek.

Oft, when comes a pensive mood, 'mid the cares of day,
Fancy paints our childhood scenes where we used to play;
Leads us roaming far away, back along the stream,
Having happy holiday where its waters gleam.
Many years have passed away,—oft at heart I'm sick,
Longing for the riffles in the windings of the creek.

If there is a Heaven where the boys and girls may be,
Meeting when the tide of time shall bring eternity,
I shall hope to meet them there, happy as of yore
Dreaming of the days we spent on the streamlet's shore,
When we played together there, shouting like old Nick,
Down along the riffles in the windings of the creek.

CHRISTMAS CHEER

Blest is the group that can afford
A comfort laden Christmas board,
Where loved ones gather, and with cheer
Enjoy an hour with hearts sincere,
And, thankful for the joys they have,
No greater joys nor blessings crave.

Unbroken circle of the home,
Within whose bounds few sorrows come,
Where youth and age with pleasure meet,
And care and trouble sound retreat,
Good will alone can here abide
Amid the merry Christmas tide.

Came labor with its crushing cares,
Came sorrow to us unawares,
Though through the year they oft held sway
They mar no Christmas holiday,
And blest are all who can afford
Good cheer around the Christmas board.

A HAPPY HOME

A porch embowered with a vine,
A lawn with green grass carpeted,
Some roses blooming in a line,
Where violets their fragrance shed;
A lovely woman singing near—
A home of happiness is here.

Where nod the blossoms in the sun,
And robins pause to sing a while,
And little children play and run
To greet their parents with a smile,
Love reigns in kindly hearts sincere;
A home of happiness is here.

Dear is contentment! Wise are they
Who thankful hearted realize
Their sweetest blessings every day
Amid the warmth of tender ties!
Well may they have abundant cheer,
While home and happiness are here!

MOTHER'S FLOWER GARDEN

Violets and daisies blooming in the yard,
Buttercups and lilies nodding in the breeze,
Lilacs by the gateway sweetly standing guard,
Snowy fragrant blossoms in the apple trees,
Mother's flower garden, beautiful to see,
Memory in springtime brings again to me.

Now I hear her singing as she used to do,
Now I see her smiling as she used to smile,
Walking in her garden where the flowers grew,
Drinking in their beauty, happy all the while,
Mother and her flowers, beautiful to see,
Memory, I thank you for bringing them to me.

THE MOUNTAIN MAID

On the flower-sprinkled hills
Mid the pinks and daffodils
Dwells a bright-eyed mountain maiden we adore;
In a cottage where the pines,
And the overhanging vines
Fling their shadows round a rose embower'd door.

Moving charmingly about
Near the cottage in and out,
Comes a picture ever beautiful to see,
Rosy cheeks and raven hair,
Lips of red and dimples rare,
And a joyous song resounding o'er the lea.

Lovely vision of the heart,
May its beauty ne'er depart,
As an inspiration tender let it stay
For a noble woman's love,
Like a blessing from above,
Is a romance that should never fade away.

THE OLD HOME

There's a picture comes to me
Of a home that used to be,
And a dear devoted mother's kindly smile,
As she toiled from sun to sun
With no loving task undone,
Singing cheerily the hours to beguile.

To the faults of children blind,
Gentle, patient, true and kind,
Faithful ever to her little flock was she,
And although I'm old and gray,
Oft I'm dreaming every day
Of the mother and the home that used to be.

And while fleeting life shall last
We will ponder o'er the past,
And in memory our faithful friend shall see
As she toiled from sun to sun,
With no loving task undone,
In the home we loved so well, that used to be.

IN THE HIGHLANDS OF MY DREAMS

In the Highlands of our dreams,
Where the crystal waters flow
In the pure and purling streams
Through the smiling vales below;
There is melody and song,
Where the sun in splendor beams,
And the echoes linger long
In the Highlands of our dreams.

In the Highlands of our dreams
There are fancies bright and pure,
And their frostwork glows and gleams
Too delightful to endure.
And we long to soar away
To enjoy the fairer scenes
That enliven every day
In the Highlands of our dreams.

DEWDROPS

How graciously the dews descend,
The foliage to beauty lend!
On budding shrub and climbing vine
Bright, dewy pearls in splendor shine,
And in the sunlight of the morn
The garden, field and grove adorn.

Full many a hue of beauty lurks
In nature's lovely handiworks,
Her sylvan garment at the hem
Bears many a fair and fragrant gem,
And where these charming scenes I see
My soul tells me 'tis best to be.

WAR-TIME CONTRASTS

Near to the scene of battle where men were killing men,
Still sung the songsters sweetly within a leafy glen.

Bright shone the sun in Heaven to hearten friend and foe,
Unmindful of the heart hate that filled the world with woe.

Amid the wreck and slaughter where mercy was denied,
The flowers on the greensward, the dying bloomed beside.

Old Nature's law is gentle: its mild decrees are just,
And man alone through error is cursed with battle lust.

God help the world to conquer its errors and increase
Man's love for man, and welcome the reign of lasting peace.

TRUE FRIENDS

The man who slaps you on the back
And says you not a virtue lack,
Is always seeming clever;
But one who tells you of your faults,
And not a bit your pride exalts,
Deceives his fellows never.

'Tis better to be plain and true,
And have of many friends a few
Whose friendship never leaves you.
For one who flatters you the most
Is soonest gained, is soonest lost,
And oftentimes deceives you.

LIVING IN DREAMS

Beautiful dreams! 'Tis a pleasure to be

Living in dreams.

Ever the fairest of visions to see

Living in dreams;

Clouds of depression may darken the skies,

Danger may threaten and trouble arise,

Yet we are happy for hope never dies,

Living in dreams.

Nought can deter us from winning today

Living in dreams;

Bravely we drive all our sorrows away

Living in dreams;

And if tomorrow no fortune shall bring,

Still full of joy we will cheerfully sing,

Trying to be of good fellows a King,

Living in dreams.

None can deprive us of fortune so fair,

Living in dreams;

Hours delightful and happiness rare,

Living in dreams;

Ever unfading with years rolling by,

Riches may vanish and friendship may die,

Still, all the trials of life we'll defy,

Living in dreams.

LIVE BRAVELY

If one could cease to note duration

And think no more of passing years,

Unmindful of the world's creation,

And bid adieu to spectral fears;

On all the sweets of Nature faring,

His soul unfettered, bold and daring

Could range among the Heavenly spheres

But fear, the robber, ever keeping

Its victims in the realms of night,

Enslaves, forbids their joyous reaping

Of restful harvests of delight,
To happiness poor weakling strangers
They mourn a cursed and hateful plight.

So here's a glad farewell to brooding
To dreadful moods and troubles glum,
Bar well the way to their intruding
Let voices murmuring be dumb,
No more indulge in meditation
About the sorrows of creation,
But bravely live the years to come.

CRUSHED FLOWERS

Somehow the flowers seem like next of kin,
Companions such as gentle souls might seek,
To pluck them seems a kind of mortal sin.
Almost their fading petals seem to speak,
Upbraiding one for posing as a friend
While bringing them to an untimely end.

Reflecting on their primal right to live,
And how these sweet companions drooping die,
We feel we've taken what we cannot give,
A conscience guilty gives no reason why.
And then we know more happy were the hours
If we had never crushed the beauteous flowers.

WINTER SAILING

March days are full of melody, the mallard skims the tide,
And birds of spring are on the wing, the limpid wave be-
side,

The sea is like a summer sea, the sea-gulls soar around,
And sunshine gladdens grove and lea by peaceful Puget
Sound.

The air is full of balminess from flower, leaf and bud;
No storm disturbs its loveliness, no danger rules the flood,
Where speedily the steamer glides and greenwood shores
appear,

We're thankful for the star that guides our life's enjoy-
ment here.

THE NEW WAY

Sometime there'll be a telephone
From Mother Earth to Mars,
With lines connecting sun and moon
And all the pretty stars,
Where glistening constellations throng,
Amid celestial fires,
And messages will flash along
Upon the heavenly wires.

Afar amid the starry realms
The aeroplanes will glide,
With rosy maidens at their helms
Amid the skies to ride.
They'll stroll in fields Elysian fair,
Where bands of angels roam,
And when they climb the Golden Stair
They'll get a call from home.

"Come, Central, give us Angel Peak,"
The boys below will cry,
"We're lonely and we wish to speak
To lovers in the sky;
They're camping near the Milky Way,
On Eden's flowery plain,
We're coming in our aeroplanes
To bring them home again."

SECRET GRIEFS

We grieve in moods unspoken,
Of wounds we do not name,
And when the heart is broken
Life is not quite the same.

And as the rose tree bleeding
Bears sweetest blossoms still,
The woes of life unheeding
Life's mission we fulfill.

If sorrow's tears are blinding,
And cares beset our way,
With courage we'll be finding
Some joy another day.

SOUL SONGS

Oh, beautiful songs of the innermost soul,
Too sweet for expression in words,
Your melodies gently in harmony roll,
Like carols of winds or of birds;
Dear songs of the soul
Under mystic control,

Like carols of winds or of birds.
You lovingly linger like fairy land dreams
To cheer us and lighten our cares,
Like rythmical murmurs of rippling streams
You lull us to rest unawares,
Oh! songs of the soul,
Under mystic control,
Your music steals in unawares!

LOVELY PUGET SOUND

Better a crust and an humble cot
In comfort all year 'round
Near to the wave in a greenwood spot
On the shores of Puget Sound,
Than viands rare in mansions fair
Where heat and cold abound.

Better to be in a land of hope
Where fair contentment reigns
Than stay and mope in a place and grope
Around for paltry gains.
For, in a day, wealth flies away
And mocks us for our pains.
Better the wisdom the wise display
Than treasures of land or sea!
Better the joys of a fair today
Than dreams of the joys to be.
And rich indeed a dweller is
Who lives in land like this.

THE DREAMER'S LAND

Alone in the realm of mystery
Afar 'mid shades unknown
The dreamers tread their mazes dread
In pensive mood, in solitude,
In a kingdom all their own.

Serene in their land of mystery
Away from all alarm
In perfect peace their joys increase
And lights of love from heaven above
Appear their way to charm.

Oh wonderful realm of mystery
Fair land of the rainbow's hue
Where angels sing and cloudlands ring
With music grand in a fairy land,
Our hearts go out to you.

WAR-SONG VICTORY

Binks wrote a war song—seeming fine
And sang it on the firing line,
“We fight no more,” the foemen cried;
They yielded up the ghost and died.

Which means, we need no dynamite,
Nor swords, nor guns to win a fight,
If we will let a songster king
Stand on the firing line and sing.

REFLECTIONS

Each breast alone its sorrow knows
And feels its moments of alarm,
Nor speaks of keenest, deepest woes,
But bravely faces every storm.

And hosts, unnumbered, fade and fall,
As fade and fall the dying flowers;—
Too proud for human aid to call
To soothe them in their lonely hours.

'Tis sad that in life's fleeting span
Men live and die misunderstood,
Devoutly yearning for a plan
Of universal brotherhod.

Men dream of love and fain would pass
The barriers that separate
The human of the common mass
And cruel bonds of caste create.

Fair dogmas perish, ancient creeds
However worthily designed,
Cannot suffice for human needs—
While blinded bigots lead the blind.

What of the agonizing prayers
Of millions seeking holy light?
True consolation is not theirs
And still they know the bondman's plight.

The right we know—we know the wrong,—
The way is clear, the light is plain,
The good can help the world along
And raise it to a nobler plane.

With secrets of a soul laid bare
And every wicked fault exposed,
Humiliation's shame to bear,
Pray who would wish the same disclosed?

Secure, behind deception's veil
Where silence holds its secrets sure,
Men thank the gods that none assail
And learn their sinfulness impure.

But when a fellow-being falls
And bares his soul's infirmity,
Who most for direst vengeance calls
On such a luckless one as he?

That all the world may seem to see
A righteous boaster free from sin,
Loud sound the trumps of purity
From those of vilest hearts within.

Too oft are fulsome praises given
To those who scorn and blame should have,—
Too oft for ones who've nobly striven
No praises come this side the grave.

Thus harsh injustice holds its sway
And man to honor's precepts blind,
Drives charity from life away
And persecutes our human kind.

Then, welcome candor, truth declare
Bright honor's noblest claims renew,
And help mankind to be more fair
And live unto each other true.

THE BARD'S GIFT

(Dedicated to the poet, Charles Eugene Banks)

But few can soar to Starlands,
Or rule as poet kings,
Or wear the beauteous garlands
That fame immortal brings;
Yet all may sip the nectar,
Of love's ambrosial wine,
And share in happy measure
God's harmony divine.

But few may sound the lyre,
On music's heavenly plane,
Or feel the sacred fire,
Of grand poetic strain;
Yet all may share the treasure,
Inspired bards bestow,
That rarest, sweetest pleasure—
God's harmony below.

BE A GOOD LOSER

Be a good loser and smile if you can;
If you can't smile, be a sensible man!
Heed not disaster, it isn't worth while!
Be a good loser and smile!

Mourn not in vain if a fortune you've lost;
Think not of happiness folly has cost,
Work with a will, in a resolute style!
Be a good loser and smile!

Be not despondent when dreary life seems,
Mourn not the passing of long cherished dreams,
Try with a song weary hours to beguile,
Be a good loser and smile.

If you shall writhe on ingratitude's cross,
Feeling its thorns over heart-breaking loss,
Like a true hero whatever your trial,
Be a good loser and smile!

God loves a fighter,—a coward he hates,
Toilers courageous good fortune awaits;
Aim at a star if you miss it a mile,
Be a good loser and smile.

APPRECIATION

If we've enough of daily bread
With downy pillows for our head,
Good health and days of cheer,
Why not enjoy the pleasing thought
Of sweet contentment as we ought?
Our happiest days are here.

If in the circle of the home
No death or mournful time has come,
Nor cause for anxious fear,
Be thankful for the joys possessed,
These blessings are the very best.
Our happiest days are here.

SOMETHING GOOD

There's something good a'coming yet' to one
Who calmly feels and knows he's not undone
By adverse fortune and who looks ahead
To fairer fields, by hope and courage led.
Yes, something good.

There's something good a'coming all the while,
It matters not how great our care or trial,
If every precious hour we improve
And cultivate the ways of peace and love.
Yes, something good.

There's something good a coming! Friend, prepare
The blessings you'll receive with friends to share,
And when your kindliness is understood,
Your friends will thank you and declare 'tis good:—
Yes, something good.

GREAT IS THE WORLD

Great is the world; there's room enough for all,
Men wise and otherwise, the great and small;
And every soul endowed with nobleness
A measure of its glory may possess.
Harmless the darts of Evil's minions fall,
The world is good, there's room enough for all.

Great is the world, for everywhere abounds
The milk of human kindness, joy surrounds
The lives of all the loving, sweet and pure
And bids unsullied happiness endure
And every heart enjoys its gladsome call,
The world is good, there's room enough for all.

Great is the world, its blessings far exceed
The burdens that arise from human need.
'Tis joy to live and pleasure to confess
The knowledge of its lasting loveliness.
Rejoice, sad soul! No more can woe enthrall,
The world is good, there's room enough for all.

A POOR MAN'S SONG

Lord, though I'm needy in a plenteous land,
This simple truth appears,
I lost my substance by a lavish hand
Through many favored years.

The poor and lowly in my prosperous days
Enhungered oft I fed,
And though I wandered far from wisdom's ways,
A kindly life I led.

I trusted, to my sorrow, faithless ones,
Who gladly took my bread;
And live, disheartened, curs'd by debts and duns,—
False friends forever fled.

They flourish, through my ruin, having ease,—
In squalid hut I stay,
But yet I feel no envy, Lord, of these:
I'm happier than they.

The honor of my manhood bears no stain,
A conscience clean and clear,
Without remorse because of wrongful gain,
Gives me contentment here.

THE UNFORTUNATE

Uncertain hour of dread suspense,
When guilt or injured innocence
Before the bar arrayed—
With hunted look and hopeless air
Behold the portals of despair
Down-hearted and dismayed.

And yet these are our erring kind,
Some cursed at birth, to duty blind,
And thankful should we be
That from their errors we refrain,
Avoiding all their paths of pain,
From law's exactions free.

BE PATIENT

If thoughtless mediocrity affronts you with a sneer,
Or tries to disconcert you with a vacant-minded leer,
Be patient, never mind it. 'Tis the lot of man to be
The envy of the evil ones who harbor enmity.
Remember any one who strives to win by silly jeers,
Is short on almost everything but braying tones and ears.

When trials overwhelm you and 'most everything goes
wrong,
And those in whom you've trusted seem to help your woes
along,
Be patient—though your prospects seem o'ercast by storm
and cloud,
You yet may be on Easy street with happiness endowed;
Remember there are others who have fought the fight and
won,
And darkness seems the densest just before the rising sun.

It doesn't pay to have the blues and sit around and mope,
And miss the friendly gleamings of the blessed Star of
Hope.

The past is dead; the present and the future still are yours,
And he who hustles hardest greatest recompense secures,
Be patient and remember if to conscience you are true,
Success shall be your portion, and to win is up to you.

TRUE RICHES

The wealth that mortals fondly crave
In grosser things for passing need
Too often makes a man a slave,
A miser in his selfish greed.
But nature's wealth of landscape fair
Of peaceful vale and mountain peak
Is all a noble soul should seek:
He'll find abundant treasure there.

A vagrant dreamer richer is
Who feasts his eyes on old Rainier
Than captains of the industries

Who find in nature naught to cheer.
To them life is a prison place
Which only gloom and darkness holds,
Where not a landscape fair unfolds
To beautify old nature's face.

A pebbled strip of golden beach,
A fisher's hut beside the wave,
The woods and fields within his reach
And mountain views that nature gave,
Where quiet rules his sylvan haunts
And honeyed fragrance fills the breeze,
No greater wealth a dreamer wants
Than store of simple joys like these.

SATISFACTION

Be our station grand or menial,
If our fellows are congenial
There's a measure of true pleasure in the
 calling we pursue;
Be that calling high or humble
We shall have no cause to grumble,
Every day will be a winner, and encourage
 us anew.

And with hopefulness prevailing
We shall do our work unfailing
In the measure of our effort to perform our
 duty well;
And with joyful satisfaction
In the field of thought and action,
In our calling wisely chosen we shall
 happily excel.

And no gift for gain abusing,
Our companions wisely choosing,
With the faults that bring disaster
From our beings ever barred.
In performing every duty
Life shall teem with joy and beauty,
Fair success shall bless our efforts
And insure a just reward.

TRY TO WEAR A SMILE

Whenever we are weary
And many cares depress,
And all the world seems dreary
In times of loneliness,
Although the heart is aching,
Enduring grief and trial,
Of courage be partaking
And try to wear a smile.

Discouraged ones, e'er heeding
A word of hope and cheer,
Your sympathy are needing
In life's lone struggle here;
Then bravely bear your crosses
For just a little while,
Whate'er your gains or losses
And try to wear a smile.

We cannot feel the anguish
That other breasts may bear,
Although in pain they languish,
'Tis not for us to share,
But we can kindly cheer them,
From woe their lives beguile,
Whenever we are near them,
And try to wear a smile.

HAPPY DREAMERS

Dreaming, idly dreaming, what care I
If the busy multitude is passing by?
Music all around me—with a happy mind
Care is all forgotten—worry left behind.

Musing, deeply musing, nought I see
But the fairest visions very dear to me.
To the happy dreamer in a joyous mood.
All the world is joyous—all the world is good

RESIGNATION

How strange the law of life and death!
We fain would know the reason why
That all the fairest forms of earth
Are born to droop and die.

We breathe the fragrance of the flowers,
And from their beauty pleasure gain,
And feel that though they bloom to die
They have not lived in vain.

Alike the flowers fading fast
Our dearest kindred pass from sight,
Love lingers on the happy past,
Hope sees a land of light.

We wish for them a heaven there,
Away from trials, grief and pain,
And know that like the flowers fair
They have not lived in vain.

God knoweth best His grand design;
We well may wait our Father's call,
Believing that His grace benign
Is ample for us all.

FLEETING TIME

Time rolls onward—year on year,
Father, mother, children dear
An unbroken circle stands,
Loving hearts and helpful hands.

Time rolls onward—all are gone
From the circle; and alone
Is the dwelling where they knew
Love unfailing—friendship true.

Time rolls onward—memories dear
Take us back to days that were;
'Thoughts of loved ones gone before
Make us long for days of yore.

TRUE HAPPINESS

The Bedouin pauses in his haste,
Well mantled with content,
Beholding beauty in the waste
Where childhood's days were spent.

To him the bleak familiar sands
No desolation show,
Nor fairer strands of alien lands
His happy heart would know.

The shepherd on the stony peak
Sees only beauty there,
Nor would he go afar to seek
A dwelling place more fair.

Though poverty and squalor reign
Within the peasant's cot,
He hath no troubling wish to gain
A more enchanted spot.

From these the pleasing lesson learn,
Wherever man resides
And fires of affection burn
True happiness abides.

MOTHER BEAUTIFUL

Who can admire a faded cheek,
Or on the wrinkled face of care
A lover's satisfaction seek,
Or wish the bearer to ensnare?

Youth sees it with averted eye,
And age bestows few compliments,—
All with aversion pass it by,
As if it were some grave offense.

Yet mother's face we ne'er disown,
Though wrinkled, faded, worn with care,
And though its flush of youth has flown,
Love sees unfading beauty there.

TRAMPING

Oft amid the busy day in memory I go,
Strolling on the country side when all is fresh and fair,
Listening to the merry birds where purling streamlets flow
Back to days of youthfulness, when I was free from care.

Tramping, tramping every day along the dusty roads,
Lingering in meadows in the fragrant grasses high,
Drinking in the balmy air of flower-scented woods,
Sleeping 'neath a starry roof, my covering the sky.

All the world was fair to me for nature's way is kind,
With no fear of poverty—upon the road a king,
Never knowing worry, leaving every care behind,
Kin was I to lark and bee, a rover on the wing.

When I'm very weary of the grinding round of strife,
Often would I be again a careless plodding tramp,
Wandering around the world, a vagabond for life,
Just a jolly rover in a shady jungle camp.

SUNLIT SEASHORE

Who would not dwell by a sea beat shore,
Where the foaming booming breakers roar;
And see the sails where the billows are
And feel the gale, from the waves afar?
Then up and away, where the soul is free
To the sylvan beach of the sunlit sea.

A sheltered cot in a nearby glen;
Away from care and the haunts of men,
A hammock bowered where pink and rose
Their fragrance lend to a sweet repose.
Oh, be with me where the soul is free
On a sylvan shore near the sunlit sea.

And there, in peace, where the sunlight plays,
Through summer clouds and a wildwood maze,
To dream and rest, as the fair day goes
And watch the tide, as it ebbs and flows—
We fain would be where the soul is free
Near the sylvan shore of the sunlit sea.

THE WESTLAND

Beautiful Westland, thy spirit is calling,
Calling me ever to linger with thee,
Mountain and billowy prairie enthralling,
Lure me onward thy glory to see.

Out near the Yellowstone turbidly flowing,
Winding its way over boulders and bars,
Where the coyotes howl I would be going,
Hearing their chorusing under the stars.

Home of my heart where the avalanche thunders
In the dim canyon where swift currents flow,
There would I dwell nearer God and His wonders
Nature's best teachings and treasures to know.

SYLVAN REST

Hilltop and valley and forest and glade
Freighted with fragrance and welcoming shade,
Smiling skies o'er you—how I adore you—
Thoughts of thy loveliness never shall fade.

Verdure and blossom and streamlet and lake
Vie with each other thy fairness to make.
Sylvan completeness; thy beauty and sweetness
Make it a joy of thy charms to partake.

Call of the woodland, your message I hear,
Smile of the valley you lend me your cheer;
Blooms of the meadows, nooks 'mid the shadows,
Restfulness bring to a sojourner here.

Woe, and the care of the turbulent day
Under thy spell quickly vanish away;
Then, lighter hearted, my sadness departed
Here would I linger mid sylvan display.

Bee hum and bird song at break of the dawn
Ring through the blooms the fair hillsides adorn.
Music none sweeter in Nature's grand meter
Welcomes the coming of roseate morn.

While down the pathway of life I may go,
Heaven permit me thy glories to know,
Banishing sadness and bringing in gladness,
Resting afar from the world and its woe.

MOUNT RAINIER

Where the thundering avalanche in majesty is falling,
Falling where the icy waters flow,
Up above the timber line the mountain peak is calling,
Calling us to cross o'er fields of snow.

Up the trail together by the highland promontory,
Climbing over boulders to and fro,
Where the sunshine, gleaming, bathes the heights in
 golden glory
To the lofty summit we will go.

In primeval forest through abysmal canyons threading,
Where the water's music never dies.
Silently we worship, as the sylvan trails we're treading
Neath the rifts of blue in summer skies.

Where the limpid fountain from the mountain side is gush-
 ing,
Where the flowered moss and heather grow,
Listen to the cataracts in silver torrents rushing,
Roaring through the valleys down below!

Where the fleecy clouds arise in beauty to enwreath us,
And their frosty streamers are unfurled,
Hail to verdant valleys, and the timbered plains beneath
 us—
Gaze upon the grandeur of the world!

PUGET SOUND CONTENTMENT

Who would not be where joys abound
Along the shores of Puget Sound,
And in repose abide a while
Where nature wears her sweetest smile?

Like silvery ribbons run the rills
Amid the green-robed vales and hills,
And golden crowns in sunlight seek
The summits of each mountain peak.

And swiftly rolls the emerald tide,
Where white-winged ships in safety ride,
And ocean's breezes sweet and pure
Embrace each fragrant flowered shore.

Home of my heart, we seem to see
The borderland of heaven in thee;
And in contentment we will stay
Where naught can steal our joy away.

LONGING FOR THE MOUNTAINS

I'm longing for rest where the towering peaks
In majesty look on the vales;
And where the bold eagle his lone aerie seeks
And grandeur unceasing prevails;
Where swift streamlets murmur
Through woods everygreen,
Down deep in the canyons storm riven;
Where echoes of cataracts liven each scene,
And nature's choice blessings are given.

Away with the struggle for perishing gain,
Whose prize and whose harvest is death!
Farewell to all civilization and pain
That curses man's every breath.
Oh! I would be free and in happiness be,
Forgetting all things but the best,
Alone, all alone, in the forests wind-blown,
In the wondrous Cascades of the West.

THE WILDWOOD PARK

I know a green sequestered nook
Where water cresses fringe a brook
And purple violets nod;
And where the rippling waters play
Their murmuring music all the day
Beneath the smiles of God.

And forest monarchs raising high
Their leafy arms twixt earth and sky
Like sentries guard the stream;
And ferns and roses intertwine
With flowered shrub and drooping vine,
Where shafts of sunlight gleam.

How clearly wildwood bird notes ring
How cheerfully the robins sing,
Enlivening the glen;
With nothing here to intervene
To mar a lovely peaceful scene
Or vex the souls of men.

With brook and heart and soul in tune,
'Tis sweet with nature to commune
And feel its restful cheer;
And as we stroll in sylvan shade,
Be thankful that our God has made
Almost a heaven here.

SUNSET IN THE PARK

Rose red the skies are tinted
Beyond the green spired trees,
And beauty's hue unstinted
Its mantle lends to these.

The silvery moon descending
Adown the western skies,
Its mellow light is lending
As eastern stars arise.

Fair falls the evening's blessing,
Fast fall the shadows dark
While zephyrs are caressing
The flowers in the park.

SYLVAN ISLAND

Green robed an island arises
Where ocean currents flow,
A crystal sea baptizes
Its pebbled shores below.

The sea breeze fans the flowers
Abloom upon its breast,
And in its leafy bowers
The robin builds its nest.

From silver fountain gushing
Its waters pure and sweet,
A purling stream is rushing
The ocean wave to meet.

Along its grassy border
The ferns and roses grow,
In nature's rich disorder,
To watch its waters flow.

Where willows gently raising
Their leafy arms above
Entwine as if embracing
The streamlet in their love.

Where rose-lipped shells are ringing
With murmurs of the sea,
And white-capped waves are bringing
The ocean's melody.

Its gleaming golden beaches
Are bright 'neath summer skies—
Afar their beauty reaches
A feast for wondering eyes.

Rest here, ye weary singer,
And dream in joy awhile,
For Heaven's glories linger
Around this lovely isle.

BOARDMAN RIVER

O'er the narrow, winding river
Leafy tree tops came together,
And along its mossy margin
Bear and beaver traced their signs,
And the forest flowers nodded
In the charming summer weather,
Where the winds were softly whispering
Among the lofty pines.

Here and there were golden reaches
Of its tiny sandy beaches,
Nestling prettily inviting
'Neath the over-hanging vines.
And the chipmunks chattered scolding
From their covert nooks beholding
Many bold, intruding fishermen
A casting in their lines.

Through the crystal waters darting
Often meeting, often parting,
In the pebbled pools and eddies
Swiftly moving in and out,
Finny tribesmen would assemble
With each filmy fin a tremble,
Where the anglers lingered longingly
To lure the gamey trout.

Grand old woods along the river
Gone to be no more forever,
Having rare primeval beauty,
When I roved thy shades among.
With the early days departed,
Oft I'm thinking lonely hearted
Of the scenes along the Boardman
When my heart was gay and young.

FAIR ANACORTES

Sunshine a-beaming
 Clear waters gleaming
 Blossoms and verdure and grandeur are here.
 Fair Anacortes
 With you my heart is—
 Joy is my portion when you are near.

Musing profoundly,
 Charming I found thee
 Nestling in beauty by mountain and sea;
 Dear Anacortes,
 With you my heart is—
 Where'er my home is, think I of thee.

Green sylvan islands,
 Flower-crowned highlands,
 Lovely and fair in thy waters appear,—
 Sweet Anacortes,
 There's where my heart is—
 Heaven is with me when you are near.

THE DEAREST RIVER

Where flower sprinkled meadows were delightful to enjoy
 Near childhood's dear old river was an Eden for a boy.
 Upon its pebbled margin furry fellows traced their signs,
 And merry songsters nested in the overhanging vines.
 The music of the bobolinks, the notes the robins sung
 In memory are just as sweet as when my heart was young.

Abloom the blushing roses scattered fragrance in the air
 And nodded tender greetings to the lilies blooming there.
 Sweet are the orange blossoms where the tropic blooms
 abide,
 And fair the rhododendrons on Olympic's sylvan side,
 But fragrance of the flowers where the meadow breezes
 blow
 Is rarest and the sweetest God has given us to know.

A lover of the river, dreaming of its lovely plain,
Now fondly longs to linger on its flowery banks again
And feels that if in heaven more contented he would be
If he could have the glories of the river there to see,
For memory of its beauty, and the songs by robins sung,
Will linger through eternity as when his heart was young.

THE HOLIDAY

A rippling sea of glass portrays
A sea of cloud on which we sail,
Fair summer sunshine gilds the day
And cool refreshing winds prevail.

The crystal waters ebb and flow
Amid the woodland shores of green,
And fragrant breezes softly blow
To lend enchantment to the scene.

Amid the tangled brake and bush
No jarring sound disturbs the ear,
And charming songs of lark and thrush
Alone awake the echoes here.

And near to nature, nature's moods
Inspire the soul to pleasant themes,
For in her restful solitudes
Arise the stroller's sweetest dreams.

Delighted with the scenes we love
Arranged in beauteous array,
We thank the God of field and grove
For a delightful holiday.

COWEN PARK

(Dedicated to the Donor, Charles Cowen, Esq.)
Of him who gave a priceless gift
His fellow beings to uplift
Let thankful poets sing!
His was a prophet's mind to see
The loveliness of scenes to be,
Where songs of robins ring.

Here weary ones with joy repair
To restful nooks of beauty rare,
Where groves and blooms abound,
And in their moments of repose
Enjoy the fragrance of the rose
While blossoms guard the ground.

Here weary toilers gently rest
And nestle close to nature's breast
Thus, meditating, find
The dearest treasures God hath wrought
Arrayed upon this sylvan spot,
Enriching heart and mind.

And little children innocent
In leafy mazes of content
By stream and bank and brae,
At play in happiness unite
To quaff the waters of delight
And pass the time away.

And one who freely here partakes
Of nature's moods to song awakes,
Far from the city's din,
And thankfully his tribute pays
To one who gave this charming place
Where all may enter in.

TWILIGHT REVERIE

When sunset glow of orange, red
And purple tint the sky o'erhead,
No painter can portray
The dainty hues of light and shade
Commingle faintly ere they fade
And leave the dying day.

We hear the river's rushing flow,
We hear some voices murmur low
And sounds of music near!
How soothingly these sounds impart
A restful solace to the heart
And leave a memory dear!

Alike these colors fair and bright
And blended hues of shade and light,
Our hopes in youth appear,
And though life's tones of music die
Some longings here they satisfy
And leave a memory dear.

LEANDER KINKS, DECEASED

Leander Kinks, departed, was a stingy man, to-wit:
Whenever money came to him he hard hung on to it,
He seldom saw the circuses and wore the cheapest clothes,
And boots that wrinkled in the throats and opened at the
toes.

His life was very wearisome, and many were his cares,
For he had reared (to him endeared) a dozen lusty heirs.

Poor Mistress Kinks was full of thinks about her worser
half,

Believing he had little sense as had a yearling calf.
Her wedding dress she wore for best, and he was glad of
that.

He rarely bought a thing for her, not e'en a Sunday hat.
She nurtured geese and turkeys for the pittance she might
share,

And had to raid the chicken-coops to get a thing to wear.

A miser fellow all his days, it was his special pride
A competence to have and hold securely till he died.
No love had he for learning, and no soul had he for song;
But when it came to pigs and steers, his passion ruled him
strong,

And when his closing years came on and chance for life
was slim,

His children cared for what he had; but had no care for
him.

He died: his many greedy heirs in silence at his bier
Were thinking of the coin he left, but never shed a tear.
Old Nature's legacies to them were stinginess and greed,
And longings for possessing things for which they had no
need.

In time they made his money fly, for they were greatly
pleased
To dissipate the fortune of Leander Kinks deceased.

This warns us that it doesn't pay, too miserly to be;
'Tis plain to one of common sense, and every one can see,
It matters not how hard we toil, nor yet how much we
save,
Surviving ones will scatter wealth, when we are in the
grave.
'Tis well to save the money, but a prudent one should know
'Tis best to spend the most of it before we go below.

LAZINESS

They say a man is lazy if he likes to loiter where
The apple blooms are fragrant and the orchard fields are
fair,
But when the woods are calling, "Leave your toil and
come away,"

They tempt a fellow mightily to have a holiday.
When birds are sweetly singing where the meadows seem
to smile,
We cannot think we're lazy when we linger there a while.

They say a man is lazy if he idly hangs around
In sylvan nooks where crystal brooks with gamy trout
abound.
But when the days are balmy and the woods are full of
song—

We like to stick along the creek with rod and line along.
Too bad the world is busy, always hustling at its best
And does not seem to want a man to stop and take a rest.

We love the ways of nature and revere a righteous God,
Who wisely put it in our soul to like a gun and rod.
His forests, fields and rivers full of beauty everywhere
Were made to comfort weary ones and ease them of their
care,

Then do not say we're lazy when we like to dream a
while
In forest nooks along the brook when nature seems to
smile.

PRAIRIES

Dear rolling hills—like waves of green!
How charming is the view!
And as I note this lovely scene
I long to be with you.

I fain would roam these plains afar
And revel in the wild,
'Neath noontide sun or midnight star
As careless as a child.

And far from man's imposed restraint
And near to nature's heart
I'd have no reason for complaint,
Nor from the plains depart.

And yet, my soul, I often say
And secretly lament
That from ourselves we cannot stray
Nor banish discontent.

Fair hills and valleys, if ye hold
The balm for which I long,
I'd prize thy presence more than gold,
Thy solace more than song!

FAREWELL

Farewell, ye beauteous bark,
Fade from our sight
Out of the sunshine fair
Into the night.

Calm waters bravely leave
And outward go—
Where ocean's storms may rage
And tempests blow.

And on thy voyage far
Our prayer shall be
That God who rules the star
Shall care for thee.

Unto each youthful heart
There comes a day,
When like the beauteous bark
It goes away.

And on its course afar
Parental love
Prays for the shielding care
Of God above.

HANGING ROUND THE BANK

Gazing at the stacks of money,
Hanging round the bank,
When a fellow's pocket book
And check account are lank,
Brings a sickly feeling
And a sorrowful regret
That a greater bunch of kale
A man has failed to get;
Makes him think of former days
Days of jolly times,
When he lost the dollars
In the wasting of his dimes.

Looking on the table where
The counter checks are found,
Gazing through the window where
The piles of gold abound,
Gives a man an itching
Just to have awhile and hold
Sweet communion with his dreams
A fondling the gold.
Ah! He's just a mourner and
He has no one to thank
But himself for having not
A penny in the bank.

Get the saving habit and
Be thrifty when you're young,
Fortunes of the money kings

From smallest hoards have sprung,
Never mind the roundelays,
The jolly spenders sing—
Save a little every day
For time is on the wing.
Bye and bye with plenty,
Mong the best of men you'll rank,
Never feeling mournful when
You're hanging round the bank.

NON-SECTARIAN BROTHERHOOD

Be he Catholic, or Protestant, or Jew,
If he lives to conscience true
Ever loyal to his country, flag and home—
Men and brothers heart to heart
Who would have them dwell apart
Or estranged and warring enemies become.

Be he Catholic, or Protestant, or Jew,
God has work for all to do
If they heed the noble plan by Him designed
Loving tasks for each and all
If they're true to duty's call
In uplifting erring brothers of our kind.

Be he Catholic, or Protestant, or Jew,
'Neath the flag our fathers knew,
Precious banner floating e'er for equal right
They should dwell in harmony,
And in love united be,
Guided ever by Jehovah's blessed light.

Loyal Catholic, or Protestant, or Jew,
Here's the best success to you
Heart and hand as true Americans you stand
Each may worship as he will
And his destiny fulfill
'Mid the blessings of our loved and happy land.

PAUL'S BIRD

Out in the park played little Paul, where a robin sang
close by,
Green was the grass, the flowers were fair, and blue was
the sunlit sky;
And the little bird said from a bough overhead,
"What a good little boy I see! He's a sweet, happy boy,
What a heart full of joy; he is very dear to me."

Up at the bird gazed little Paul, when he heard its
melody;
His eyes shone bright, his heart was light; he romped in
careless glee;
And the bird sang away, all the beautiful day,
And his song rang cheerily, "He's my sweet little Paul.
That is all, that is all; he is very dear to me."

CLEO

Sweet little Cleo wears a pretty smile,
Dear little lady, happy all the while.
Bright eyes and laughing, roguish little miss,
Each one who sees you wants to steal a kiss.

TO A POET FRIEND

Far in the mazes of his moods,
Or sorrow's lonely solitudes
The dreamer lives alone.
Though silent voices of the night
Like messages from realms of light
To him are freely known.

He tries to soothe his soul in vain
Where gaiety and pleasure reign
Amid the world's display,
And solemn thoughts are given birth
Amid its music and its mirth,—
His mind is far away.

He views the happy passing throng
That moves in merriment along
With wonderment and awe,

And contemplates with feelings strange
Each fateful and unerring change,
Ordained by nature's law.

'Tis not from haughtiness or pride
He goes from men to muse aside
And be from them apart,
But meditation bids him be
Where none his flowing tears may see
When grief o'erwhelms his heart.

Vain men who joy from folly reap
And scorn a being born to weep,
His ways can never know,
For kindness is his guiding star
Love guides him where the suffering are
To help relieve their woe.

Pray envy not his fleeting fame
That passes like a flickering flame
On phantom wings it flies
In fame he hath no sordid pride
To him is vanity denied
And all that pride implies.

He toils and hopes the world to bless
In patience and unselfishness
Without a thought of gain
The trials of his race he shares
And patiently life's burden bears
Along its path of pain.

Judge not the poet then with scorn
For his devotion is inborn
And inwardly he feels
In sympathy with all mankind
And treasures in a generous mind
The grandest of ideals.

FAREWELL, SOLDIER BOY

Youthful soldier bay, farewell,
A fond farewell,
Love for you would bid you stay,
Love of country says "Away."
And the first love gives its yield,
Urges you to take the field,
Soldier boy, farewell.

Youthful soldier boy, farewell,
A fond farewell,
Proudly shall we think of you,
Trusting God to bring you through.
Bearing honors bravely won
To the land of Washington,
Soldier boy, farewell.

A NEIGHBORLY SUGGESTION

Come in when you're lonely, good neighbor; be free
To talk o'er your trials and troubles with me,
Although we may differ, all men are agreed
That friend is the truest who helps us in need.

Mere money, alone, all our wants to supply,
May shrivel our souls, 'till we perish and die,
Far greater than gold is the gift of the heart,
Abounding in love real joy to impart.

Be not like the mountain vein bearing the gold,
Concealing its treasure deep under the mold,
Be like the fair flower that blooms not in vain
Unfolding its beauty to brighten the plain.

Come in dear old neighbor, like brothers we'll be,
And comfort each other on life's lonely sea,
Obligingly cheerful, with justice our guide,
Good neighbors and kindly in peace we'll abide.

PAMPHLETEERS

The book store shows us tiers on tiers
Thin volumes of the pamphleteers;
From wise to foolish, grave to gay,
In dust they lie in sad array.

And when I read the songs they sing
The prospect seems discouraging,
For who can say that works like these
Deserve to flourish or increase.

To sail the literary sea
I must confess appeals to me,
But I would wish a surer way
To navigate my course than they.

THE RHYMER

Old Drowser was a dreamer and to rhyme was his delight,
He'd rise and conjure verses in the middle of the night
And didn't seem to know he was a rhyming parasite.

He murmured of the lambkins and the cattle on the hills,
The glories of the meadow and the cities' crushing ills,
And raved about the roses and the drooping daffodils.

He'd harass ev'ry list'ner who gave his verses heed;
He'd pester them and corner them and read and read and
read,
And like a horse upon the road would never stop to feed.

He read them to his family in forty diff'rent ways;
They wished themselves in aeroplanes and swore he had
a craze
And still he dreamed and read away with most enraptured
gaze.

He prayed the suffering editors to give his lines a boom
But most of them had wooden wings and quickly met their
doom,
And now they say he's on the way to dippy Steilacoom.

A WORLD-MAD WAR

A solemn silence and an awesome feeling
As if within a sacred cloister kneeling,
A world-mad war with nations nations slaying,
Each unto God for righteous victory praying.
 A world mad war.

Men in revolt the mastery disputing
The sovereigns they hate in fear saluting,
Impoverished masses bitterly complaining,
And human vultures fattening by gaining—
 Oh, world mad war!

A world on fire, and thrones and empires falling,
A world oppressed for peace and justice calling,
In God's own way, some day shall peace be reigning
And men rejoicing cease from their complaining.
 Oh, world mad war!

KNIGHTS OF THE GINKS

They'll give you high jinx
As a Knight of the Ginks
And all in the name of humanity,
And sell you a charm
To keep you from harm—
A rational form of insanity.
But if you are stranded
In clothes second handed
In spite of the friendship they've vaunted,
They'll sing you the song
"Move on, move along,
Such members as you are not wanted."

With unction and ease
They'll give you degrees
By lectures in language most beautiful,
And friendship to prove
They'll boast of their love
And swear they will ever be dutiful.

But friendship is ended
And love unextended
If you are with poverty haunted,
And when you can't pay
They'll bid you good day
And say, "You no longer are wanted."

Let every youth
Remember this truth
A fact ever sure and unvarying,
An Order's a hoax,
The vilest of jokes
That grafteth in secrets and burying,
'Twill job and deceive you
Of cash to relieve you,
And sometime you'll sorely be taunted
By fakers you've trusted,
Disowned and disgusted
Who'll say, "You no longer are wanted."

MIS-MATED BIRDS

A crow to a robin went wooing in Spring,
(The crow couldn't sing)
But that didn't matter,
He ably could flatter
And gave her a ring.

His kindred she hated for every one knew
Their virtues were few:
She wanted supporting
And he was a-courting
So what could she do?

They wedded mis-mated, and little ones came,
Alas to their shame
Forever delighting
In quarreling and fighting
Bad birds all the same.

They worried each other lamenting their fate,
Their troubles were great
'Mid rasping dissension
And biting contention
Both early and late.

Now robins are robins and crows only crows
As every one knows
And birds of strange feather
Should not be together
To multiply woes.

This teacheth that maidens who carelessly court
And wed for support
In sorrow may get it,
And live to regret it,
Of happiness short.

THE BABY BOY

Little baby's downy head,
Pretty, smooth and sleek,
Lies before he goes to bed
Close to mamma's cheek,
And his lovely twinkling eyes
Mildly look so wise,
As if to say, "I like to stay
From every other one away,
Be with me, my mamma dear,
Baby's loving heart to cheer."

His chubby cheeks and dimples two
And lips of pink are pretty, too,
As sweetly on his mother's breast
He smiles and blinks when laid to rest,
Where nestling warm from head to feet
He calmly breathes in slumber sweet.

His little legs are straight and plump
'Tis his delight to kick and jump,
He lies, and lifts his feet up high,

To bite his toes he seems to try,—
Or quizzically wears a smile
And holds them with his hands awhile,
And whether moving up or down
He kicks away his little gown,
So all who wish, his feet may see
And hear him cooing happily.

Sometimes he sits upon my knee
And grasps my fingers, two or three,
Or raises up his baby arms
Delighting me with all his charms,
We cannot let our babe alone
For his dear heart has won my own.

Alert and winsome when awake
As if to say, "Your darling take;"
Trustful, he has no sense of fear,
Loving, he is supremely dear,
Laughing, he seems a little beam
Of sunshine when his bright eyes gleam,
He's grandma's child; he's grandpa's, too,
A dearer one they never knew.

THE MAGIC PEN

From sorest trials grandly spring
The sweetest songs the poets sing,
Not melodies unlovely, rude,
But symphonies of solitude
Aflame with God's poetic fire
To symbolize a heart's desire.

Though spirits humbled low are crushed
And voices of the soul are hushed
The magic of the poet's pen
Can quicken them to life again
In lays of love to cheer and bless
Like messengers of holiness.

A NATION AROUSED

Aroused! a nation wages war—
Not for a base despoiler's gain,
Nor glory of the battle plain,
Where warriors bravely warriors meet
And slaughter's harvest is complete,
But for the rule of Freedom's star.

Columbia sends her freemen forth,
Not for the paltry gain of gold,
But like the holy knights of old
They heed the call of duty clear
And lion-hearted, free from fear,
Shall drive the despots from the earth.

Aroused! a nation firmly stands,
In unison her hosts shall be
The terror of her enemy—
And every tyrant soon shall fall
And Peace her blessings bring to all,
Obedient to God's commands.

Aroused! a nation in its might
Hurls its defiance at the foe,
Shall strike the freeman's bravest blow,
And with ennobled, valiant will,
Shall never sheath the sword until
Shall rule humanity and right.

MARCHING AWAY

Once upon a happy day, cuddled in his cradle lay
Little baby with his beaming eyes ashine;
And although to manhood grown, he is still our precious
own,
But he soon will be a soldier in the line.
With a patriotic heart, will our noble boy depart;—
Lovingly, my secret soul would bid him stay.
I am willing he should go, far away to fight the foe;—
But I cannot bear to see him march away.

When the evening lamps are lit, by the fireside I'll sit,
And in silence will I think of him abroad,
And in pensive mood, alone, shall implore the Master's
throne,
With a prayer for his protection unto God.

When I ponder on the scene, how the seas may roll be-
tween
And I may not see my boy for many a day,
I suppress the rising tear—do my best to give a cheer;—
But I cannot bear to see him march away.

Thus, a loving father said, as he sadly bowed his head,
Ere the sound of martial music struck his ear,
Where the boys were marching down, for the war to leave
the town;—
He resolved to give his own, a word of cheer.

Then with sympathy and pride, his dear boy he marched
beside,
And with solemn joy, courageously did say,
"Here's good luck to you, my son, guard the land of
Washington;
I am glad to see you bravely march away."

THE REVERIE SHIP

Anchor our Reverie ship in the air
Sprites of the spirit realm,
Leave us afloat where visions are fair
Never a hand at the helm.

Leave us alone in ethereal light
Up in the starry sea
Into the waters of calm delight
Fancies all careless and free.

Blessed by the moods, where the gods control,
There would we rest and be
Soothed with a heavenly balm for the soul
Dreaming in mystery.

BOASTFUL AMERICA

Proud nation cease the idle boast
That none thy strength dare meet
Before thy priceless fame be lost
In sorrowful defeat.

Along thy veins a poisoned flood
Assails thy noble life
For traitors brood in sullen mood
For hate's internal strife.

And all around where kingdoms thrive
Dread Envy's serpent stings,
And marplots for thy ruin strive
To please the wills of kings.

Vain threats and all oppression cease
Put public greed to shame
The welfare of mankind increase
And merit righteous fame.

On Justice only build thy laws,
Heed well the common good
And champion man's grandest cause,
A nation's brotherhood.

And then though kings may fiercely hate
And traitors plot to kill
In all the world no greater state
A nobler sphere shall fill.

WASHINGTON

Hail! natal day of Washington!
Rejoice with glad acclaim,
For victories he nobly won,
All honor to his name!
To him and his heroic band
By heavenly guidance led
We render thanks for freedom's land,
Our own inherited.

He prayed for hate and strife to cease
In human hearts to dwell,
He strove in pleasant ways of peace
And virtue to excel;
But when a tyrant horde appeared
With torch of war aflame,
He drew the sword; no foeman feared,
And won immortal fame.

When darkly rolled the clouds of war
With heart and soul sincere
And vision keen he saw afar
The star of hope and cheer.
And when his hosts had proudly won
The laurels of the brave
Beheld, 'neath glory's martial sun,
Our beauteous banner wave.

When Adulation's flattering voice
Would mar his high renown
His was the God-like hero's choice
To put aside the crown.
The banner that he bravely bore,
From Freedom's heights unfurled,
His loved Republic floated o'er
To humanize the world.

No lust for conquest filled his soul,
No wish for warrior spoil,
No distant land would he control
Nor linger on its soil.
But everywhere on land and sea
Where'er a flag had flown
He'd wage a war for liberty
And guard his country's own.

What nobler deed can freemen do
Than aid a worthy cause,
Or virtue's honored path pursue

Upholding righteous laws,
And if a lawless foreign foe
Our country should invade
Arise and render blow for blow—
Unyielding, unafraid.

Through countless ages yet to be
Till heaven's lamps grow dim
Wherever men are truly free
All honor be to him,
Who sent the spirit of the free
Afar on magic wings
To check the reign of tyranny
And wreck the thrones of Kings.

Where'er Columbia's sons abound
With loyal hearts and true
Let songs of peace and love resound
As we our ties renew
The flag he bore to bravely bear
And firmly stand as one,
To keep and guard with tender care
The land of Washington.

FEEBLEST LIGHTS

Some poets shed a feeble light
As fireflies in a summer night
A little bit
Of light emit
And dimly intermittent shine
Like sparks in phosphorescent brine.

But why should feeblest light be hid,
Or even candle flame forbid?
Their rays to use
None should refuse
For gleam of candle light or sun
May helpful be to everyone.

IMMORTALS OF THE LAW

Immortals of the Law, how fair
Their wise opinions always are,
How, beaming forth from every line,
The sun of Justice seems to shine.

Rare courage, conscience, wisdom, zeal
For liberty that freemen feel,
And all that's noblest, brightest, best
Their deeds proclaimed, their lives possessed.

HAS WAS

Poor Has—Was always made it plain
His chest was seldom free from pain
And every time he met us he
Was talking of his misery.

About the suits he used to win
Long yarns outrageous he would spin,
And never failed something to say
That meant for Has Was a bouquet.

Each worried hearer would discern
That dust should unto dust return,
But ancient Has Was did not know
His place was in the bone yard row.

Long after usefulness had passed
This hot-air artist gassed and gassed,
Until his Maker summons sent
To call him to the firmament.

Benighted soul! no mourner wept
When he upon the hillside slept,
But pitied Heaven's hosts within
Who'd hear of suits he used to win.

This teaches 'tis almost a crime
To flirt too long with Father Time,
And when a man too old shall grow
His place is in the boneyard row.

THE LADY LAWYER

Though treated as an humble slave
When dawn of time began,
It was a woman pure who gave
The Son of God to man.

Grand Pleader, counsellor and guide,
Who suffered for our good,
His sacrifice was deified
Through holy motherhood.

Fair woman, comforter and friend,
In every time of need,
To her, 'twas Justice to extend,
The lawyer's right to plead.

Though long her right hath been delayed,
We welcome her in awe,
And hail her as our helpful aid
To grace the courts of law.

OUR SOLDIERS

Upon their lips a prayer, within their hearts a song,
Arise Columbia's martial sons ten million warriors strong,
To battle fields to go, the hosts of wrong to meet,
And bravely conquer every foe, and never know defeat.

Just purpose is their aim the helpless they defend,
And to our glorious friends in arms their aid they gladly
lend,—
Help all their burdens bear, their common sorrows share,
The laurel crowns of victory when war is o'er to wear.

March on Columbia's sons, our allies fight beside.
Be you, as were your noble sires, a nation's joy and pride;
Through ages yet to be shall shine your worthy fame
And thankful nations of the free shall glorify your name.

THE VERSIFIER

Good lawyers seldom seek to shine
In poetry,—however gifted—
Or pen the pleasing rhythmic line—
And soar to Fancy's realm uplifted;
Although they sing some songs unbidden,
Their rhymes are kept discreetly hidden.

But if a man's a rhymers born,
And feels his most uncanny curse is
To chance his brother lawyer's scorn
By publishing his thoughts in verses,
Forgive him, 'tis a fault—he knows it,
Though 'tis no pleasure to disclose it.

No vanity could prompt his pen
His lines for fame alone to offer,
And seek the fair applause of men
And brave the jeerer and the scoffer—
He courts the muses as diversion
While on some fanciful excursion.

He loves his brother fellow man
And defies our grand creation,
And adds his mite the best he can
To cheer their lonely situation.
Be thankful that his work no worse is
If he's a lawyer writing verses.

SHELTERING COAT-TAIL

When Jimson was young and was new at the bar,
He hitched his ambition to Emerson's star,
Though income was scanty and clients were few,
His flaming red necktie was charming to view.

He carried a front like a king on his throne,
Aglow with a glistening fifty-cent stone,
But thanks to the tail of his coat hanging down,
It saved him from being the talk of the town.

And ever and ever he worried along
With plenty of grit and a soul full of song,
Till winning of cases and fortune's caress
Inflated his wallet to bloated excess.

The bench has he honored for many a year
With money to burn and abundance of cheer,
Yet often he thinks of the coat hanging down,
That saved him from being the talk of the town.

This teaches a lawyer may wisely appear
A prosperous fellow with penury near,
Yet bravely progress to his interests true
By keenly concealing his ends from our view.

FORGOTTEN

Friend Collis lies low in the graveyard tonight,
His first time to sleep
In earth cold and deep
Away from the gleam of the evening's light.

The laughter is cheering, the music plays on
And only a few
Fond hearts that he knew
Give heed to his passing, nor care that he's gone.

For gain he was eager in yesterday's race,
To hoard and to save—
He saw not the grave,
Wide, yawning, to give him its gruesome embrace.

I often times think of the fate that's in store
For you and for me.
Our folly I see
For soon like poor Collis we'll struggle no more.

Each day in contentment let happiness reign,
And try to live right,
With conscious delight
That virtue alone is the richest of gain.

BE HOPEFUL

A song on the tongue
May be joyfully sung
A beautiful melody making,
When down in the soul
Grim sorrows control
A heart overburdened and breaking.

A smile may appear
In the place of a tear
Concealing our bitterest trials,
While penury chill
Is crushing the will
And tainting the source of our smiles.

'Tis ever the best
To be calm, self-possessed,
And giving no sign of your sorrow,
And never say fail,
But hope to prevail
O'er all of your trials to-morrow.

OUR HEROES

Sing gladsome songs, oh freemen,
March onward to the fight,
Brave landsmen, valiant seamen,
To win, be your delight,
Beyond the carnage gory
The sun of peace appears,
With fame's immortal glory
To crown your coming years.

Fight on, our brave defenders
As fought your sires of yore,
For justice be contenders
Till war shall be no more
Though autocrats may hate you,
God's cross your conquering sign,
A nation's thanks await you,
A nation's love is thine.

HEART TRAGEDIES

Heart tragedies and trials come
To plunge the happiest souls in gloom,
Unheralded they come!
Then fountains of our tears are dried,
All consolation is denied
And quivering lips are dumb.

Oh God! It seems an awful fate
To live when hopes no more await
To cheer us on our course,
And tread a storm-swept, dreary road,
In bitterness to bear a load
That kills with crushing force.

Yet many Spartan souls toil on
With strength and courage nearly gone,
In sadness and distress;
Although the storms of life are chill,
They labor with heroic will
Their erring ones to bless.

In every noble soul there lies
The germs of willing sacrifice
And in its darkest hour
To whom it loves it offers all,
It can bestow at duty's call
With gracious, Godlike power.

The better deeds mankind has done—
His noblest victories bravely won,
Are to the world unknown.
Beneath the smiles he lightly wears,
He disappointment meekly bears
Uncomforted—alone.

The consciousness of doing right
Dispels the gloom of sorrow's night,
And lightens many a care.
With love and peace of mind possessed
He feels that all is for the best
And yields not to despair.

If we have have made a heart less sad,
If we have made a life more glad
In kind, unselfish mood;
What though our kindness be forgot
And those assisted thank us not,
We thrive by doing good.

And though our lives we offer up
While draining disappointment's cup,
Let deeds of love increase!
For love alone can best impart
A solace to the bleeding heart,
And bring it lasting peace.

Though thorny seems the way and hard
And meager seems a life's reward,
Men do not toil in vain.
For, 'mid their sorrowings and tears,
Beyond—the sunshine still appears
To cheer their souls again

THE PLANING MILL

Early every morning are the willing workers coming,—
Happily for service they appear,
Soon to hear the music of the busy planer humming,
Sending forth a welcome note of cheer.

Unity and strength are here to bless the honest worker,
Guided by a soul they understand,
Everyone is loyal and a lazy man or shirker
Only condemnation can command.

Not a man is here to be another man's despoiler,
All to each and each to all are true,
Fair co-operation 'twixt the guider and the toiler
Brings to each and every one his due.

So the busy planer shall continue blithely humming,
Every morn the workers will appear,
Heart and hand they'll gladly toil with ample wages coming
Prosperous and happy all the year.

EXPERIENCES

One saw a distant mountain peak
While in a lowly vale,
And yearned its mysteries to seek,
Its lofty heights to scale.

Imagination riot ran
And crowned its summit high,
With sparkling gem and diadem
Where flowerets kissed the sky.

He climbed the steep and stony trail,—
The cherished goal he won,
To hear the blasts of winter wail
Where clouds shut out the sun.

No flower felt the summer's breath,
And desolation rude
Revealed a realm of cold and death
And cheerless solitude.

With dreams of happiness dispelled,
He found the lowly plain,
And warned companions, who beheld,
Of its illusions vain.

They heeded not the tale he told,
Nor was he understood,
'Till each had scaled the summit cold
And felt its solitude.

THE OUTCAST'S LAMENT

With health swiftly failing
And days full of dread,
Fate sadly bewailing
All hope in life fled,
Youth's dreams all departed
And all pleasure flown,
Deserted, down-hearted,
Lord God, I am lone.

The wide world is dreary
Sad years have I known,
Of life I am weary,
False friends me disown,
My pulses beat slowly,
I reap as I've sown;
None pity the lowly,
Lord God, I am lone.

I care not for losses,
I lived not for gains
And bore many crosses—
Grief only remains,
Sad man born of woman
I writhingly moan,
With heart of the human,
Lord God, I am lone.

The thankless have thriven,
My substance consumed
To penury driven,
To wander I'm doomed,
Like sands shifting ever
By harsh tempests blown,
An outcast forever,
Lord God, I am lone.

DISAPPOINTED

I had a dream, it lingered long,
My hopeful heart to cheer.
Life seemed a sweet unending song
With angels hovering near.

Soon I awoke, the dream had flown,
My heart of hope was dead,
With saddened soul I wept alone,
And trod the vale of Dread.

I fain would dream that dream again,
Though true it cannot be—
For 'mid my blinding tears of pain,
It still consoleth me.

CLING CLOSE TO ME

Be with me, love, when the shadows are falling,
Close by my side when the spirits are calling,
Cheer my lone heart with sweet melodies olden
Memories bringing of days that were golden—
Cling close to me.

Linger with me by the wonderful river
Bounding eternity's margin forever,
Wave we farewell when its waters I'm wooing
Soon to pass over a brighter land viewing—
Cling close to me.

Be at my side when the last word is spoken,
Let my last thought be of friendship unbroken,
Just for companionship lovingly tender,
Bid me God speed to the regions of splendor—
Cling close to me.

THE WANDERER

Over the cheerless desert dreary
Fierce siroccos blow,
Trudges the wanderer faint and weary,
Halting his steps and slow.
Far above when the evening falleth
Twinkles the evening star—
Seeming—the voice of the Master calleth:
Come where the angels are!

Out in the world when our souls are lonely
Hearts are faint from fear.
Nothing seen, but the storm clouds only,
Nothing our lives can cheer.
Sick at heart with a task appalling,
Hail to the Sacred Star!
Gladly we hear the Master calling:
Come where the angels are!

THE MESSAGE

In dreamy moods the poet's pen
May feel a strange, mysterious force
To bring a message unto men
And guide it on a helpful course.

The things we fail to know, we feel,
And feelingly, the lines we write
An urge of the unseen reveal,
Amid inspiring spirit light.

No mere belief in creed or clan
The musings of the mind control.
God's kindly messages to man
Come singing from the inner soul.

Strange inner soul, unknown yet known,
Forever near, yet ever far,
Communicating with its own
As star communes with distant star.

No dreamer can this urge explain,
He only knows the muser's mood;
He would not write a line in vain,
But fain would do the world some good.

DIVERGENT THOUGHTS

Two moods of thought, how clear the line
'Twixt those debasing and Divine!
One grovels meekly low and mean,
One soars in grandeur—clear and clean.
One lives below—one lives above;
One wails of woe, one sings of love.
One courts distress, one helps to bless,
One brings disgrace, one aids our race.
One seeks the clod—one dwells near God,
And hence we say how clear the line
'Twixt thoughts debasing and Divine.

PAYING THE PRICE

The law of God's creation
 Requires compensation
 For breaches that arise;
 We dread its just exaction,
 Demanding satisfaction,
 Yet all must pay the price.

When love is misdirected
 And wilfully neglected,—
 For consolation sighs,
 Naught can assuage its grieving,
 Its mournfulness relieving,
 Its sorrow pays the price.

Vain is the world's endeavor,
 To change the rule; but never
 Will substitute suffice,
 For full remuneration
 Without the least evasion
 From paying error's price.

LINES

Lines come from hidden sources,
 Unheralded they spring,
 Urged on by mystic forces,
 Compelling souls to sing.

Pens winged with flaming pinions,
 Words bathed in beams of light,
 Illume the heart's dominions
 And fill them with delight.

Sweet field of inspiration,
 One whom its path has trod,
 Lives nearer to creation,
 Walks closer unto God.

SOME LIVES

Some lives are saddened, not from selfish brooding,—

The harsh injustice of the world they know,
When thoughts of the down-trodden are intruding
They seem to feel another's pangs of woe.

In ways of justice earnestly believing
Their hearts rebel, when wrong enthroned they see;
They can not smile when fellow souls are grieving.
It matters not how lowly they may be.

And though they walk in shadows, living lonely,
Near to the world, yet from the world apart,
They reap the best in life, for just men only
Can know the sweetest in the human heart.

PAIN AND PLEASURE

Would pleasure be a burden without pain?
Loss lends a keener zest to honest gain,
Contrast and change, help us to realize
The essence of the dearest joys we prize.

After the storm consoling seems the calm,
After the wound all soothing seems the balm;
And even after direst miseries
Our measure of enjoyment finds increase.

Despair not when the clouds of life are black
And wearily you tread its rugged track,
Darkness and all its terrors bring dismay
To make more beautiful the dawn of day.

THE CLANSMANS' VISION.

Visions of a landscape fair
In the long ago,
Sylvan scenes and valleys where
Roaring torrents flow,
Dreams unfold, and we behold
Hills where blue bells blow.

Bag-pipes skirl, our heads awhirl,
Kilties come in view,
And the banners bright unfurl
Highland warriors knew,
Then with them in mountain glen
We are marching too.

Leaps our hearts with rhythmic beat,
And the bag-pipes sound
Takes us to a wild retreat,
Where the clans are found.
Pleased: we greet the heather sweet
On old Scotland's ground.

Mystery, a dreamland maze,
Views of lands unknown,
Mystic lays of olden days
And a harp strings tone,
Bind us to the homeland race
Bring us to our own.

OLD DAYS

Some times I would live over
The days when Love, the rover,
Strolled with the merry girls,—
Pink cheeked, with raven curls,
Like bees amid the clover

Fain would I be light-hearted
As when life's journey started,
When Love was gay and young,
Ere grief its dirge had sung,—
Ere hope and cheer departed.

Fain would I cease from dreaming
Of love-lit eyes a-beaming,
Long lost to beam no more,—
I see a silent shore,—
With tears my eyes are streaming.

CANTO JACKIO

Beloved of Balaam; history
Awards no epic line to thee!
Hence, let this humble pen proceed
To satisfy a long felt need.

Since thought we can not interchange,
Each thinks the other being strange,
Yet, who can say man's thoughts surpass
The wise reflections of an ass.

Each lives a life's allotted term,
Though springing from a different germ,
And who can span the fancied chasm
'Twixt protoplasm and protoplasm?

The law that guides the hand and hoof
Keeps us apart—our lives aloof;
For fate decreed before our birth
The hand should build and rule the earth.

With all man's efforts incomplete
'Tis well he harbors fine conceit,
For critics oft through vision dim
Observe the asinine in him.

And if an ass a line could pen
About the faulty traits of men,
Perhaps in shame they might confess
To sharing his unloveliness.

Untutored brother next of kin,
Free from the taint of mortal sin,
Delightful Jackass, full of brays,
We envy thy contented ways.

The depths of your great soulful eyes
No one poetic can despise,
And yet few graces you betray
That tend to steal our heart away.

Your even-song you loudly sing,
A hearty free-will offering,
But bored is one who lingers long
And hears you raise your voice in song.

Your wild crescendo's raucous flow
Betrays no mood of joy or woe,
As on the flood of song you sail,
With exaltation of your tail.

Pray, what to you is time or space
Or lordly pride of rank or race,
Although your days be long or few,
Dear ass, 'tis all the same to you.

When cursing drivers yell "gid dap,"
And ears gigantic gently flap,
With patient meekness on you plod
Untroubled by the chastening rod.

When flies torment, and flies your tail
Life's keen enjoyment does not fail,
And when your heels unhindered fly,
Bright beams of joy-light fill your eye.

You mind the just Commandments Ten
Far better than most gentlemen,
And yet no fine distinctions draw
'Twixt native sense and nature's law.

Dumb as an oyster as to speech,
You do not gossip, lie nor preach,
Nor boast (thank God) of pedigree,
Nor fret about posterity.

Forbid to share through nature's plan,
The sorrows of your master—man,
Of chattels, goods and honors free,
You 'rouse no rival's enmity.

You draw no sword; have no remorse,
Ambition troubles not your course,
For those who war with heels and teeth
Ne'er hope to wear the laurel wreath.

You can not smoke nor chew the weed
That enervates the human breed,
Nor drunken in the gutter lie,
Like sots in breeches reeling by.

You crop the herbage—drink the brook,
We plow and sow, and reap and cook,
And taint the waters, drink the dram,
Polluted oft our lives to damn.

No verse nor wretched line you write,
Nor waste your time in clubs at night,
Nor argue politics, nor dwell
On guessing schemes of heaven or hell.

You have no longing to be great,
Nor other asses imitate,
Nor envy any other Jack
Whose greater gifts you sadly lack.

To nature's laws and promptings true,
No vexed hereafter worries you,
And with no painful last "good-bye"
You cease your drudgery and die.

And if there be just recompense
For worthy Jacks who journey hence,
Where spirit masters wield no rod,
And asses human greet their God—

Who knows but by the law of fate
Some fair reward may you await?
Hence, happy Jackass, full of brays,
We envy thy untroubled ways.

WOMAN'S POWER

Woman, with your voice enchanting,
You may rule your home at will.
All the world is ever wanting
Your sweet love and tender skill.

Never was a lover captured
By a harsh discordant tongue;
Oft has been a heart enraptured
By some soulful song you've sung.

Blest the man whose life is aided
By your counsel wise and just;
Wronged is one who lives upbraided
Cursed by jealousy's distrust.

Home is yours for hell or heaven,
Yours an Eden if you choose,
For to you the gift is given
Peace to keep or peace to lose.

EVENING'S BLESSING

When day is over
And shadows hover,
And birds in cover
Seek their nests;
Our hearts are yearning,
And fondly turning
To one sweet place we
Love the best.

Our loved ones meeting,
With kindly greeting,
In joy completing
Welcome rest.
God's grace descending,
Contentment lending,
Day's peaceful ending
Finds us blest.

OUR BOYS

He's a rough and ready tike,
Our Mike;
Always full of glee and ready
For a scrap in manner steady
As the best man on the pike,
Our Mike.

He is of the self same sort,
Our Mort;
Who is always up and doing,
Daily tasks with zeal pursuing
With a hustle and a snort—
Our Mort.

And they're jolly full of noise,
Our boys;
Bringing never ending pleasure,
Each within himself a treasure,
But with nothing that annoys,
Our boys.

COTTER'S SONG

Dear is a grassy orchard lot,
The city's pale within,
A flower bordered sylvan spot,
Away from traffic's din.

The birds amid the leafy trees
With song salute the morn;
Afar their sunrise melodies
On zephyr's wings are borne.

And when the summer sun beats down
Above my quiet nook,
In hammock I forget the town,
And read my favorite book.

Amid the leaves the apples show
In bountiful array,
And pinks and hollyhocks below
Their fairest hues display.

The ripening cherries cluster here,
And from their boughs o'erhead
Look down and blushing appear
To court the roses red.

The pigeons cooing in their cotes
Bring messages of peace,
And lilies and forget-me-nots
My simple joys increase.

And dearer still than book or flower
My wife and children seem,
To make this an elysian bower
Of which the angels dream.

With loving thankful heart I come,
By sweet contentment blest,
To share with them my cottage home,
And meditate and rest.

Though tempted oft by fairer scenes
Mid splendor to reside,
The love of nature intervenes
And bids me here abide.

FRED AND WILL

"My precious boys," a mother said,
And proudly smoothed each flaxen head,
Upon a happy sunny day
When first to school they trudged away.

Dear school days passed, they soon were men,
To meet no more as boys again,
And trudging up life's rugged hill
Went friendly brothers Fred and Will.

Oft times their mother sighed in vain,
To have her loved ones home again,
And ne'er forget her sweetest joys,
When with her precious little boys.

When many years had passed away
She'd think of them and kindly say,
"Although they're men, they seem instead
My boys as ever, Will and Fred.

"God bless them both—no tongue can tell
How much I love them, nor how well—
They ever were and e'er shall be
As lambkins of my fold to me."

And now her loving sons possess
Fond memories of her kindliness,
For naught below nor aught above
Is dearer than a mother's love.

To them there is a sacred place,
Where flowers a grassy mound embrace,
And where through all the passing years
They pay her tribute with their tears.

MOTHER'S BOY

O'er a cradle hovering, a patient mother bent,
Watching baby cuddling, lovingly content,
And his dainty dimples and the twinkle in his eyes
Were to her more beautiful than views of Paradise;
Nothing was more precious than this jewel of her joy—
Just a smiling baby, mother's darling little boy.

With the years evanishing the babe to manhood grows,
Age has banished beauty, and his hair is like the snows;
Unto others homely, they ignore him with contempt,
Unto mother comely and from every fault exempt;
True and ever dutiful, she says with warmest joy,
He is good and beautiful, his mother's precious boy.

FATHER

Here's to the man who safely guards
His home and fireside,
And in the welfare of his wards
Displays parental pride.

When danger nears his little flock
And fills them with alarm,
He stands as firmly as the rock,
To shield them from all harm.

And when their sorrowing he knows,
With pleasure unconcealed
He leads them from the vale of woes
Into a fairer field.

However great their faults appear
To fill him with regret,
To him their lives are ever dear,
He fondly loves them yet.

If all the world their ways condemn,
To all their virtues blind;
He's ever faithful unto them,
To charity inclined.

Whatever trials them await,
He's faithful to life's end,
And, toiling early, toiling late,
They have no dearer friend.

THE HOME PORT

Out of the home to the sea, sailor,
Far from the home on the sea,
From the meadows sweet
To the steel-clad fleet,
Where the guns roar angrily.

Thoughts of the home, on the sea, sailor;
Dreams of the home at sea
And the loved ones there
With a landscape fair,
And a life unvexed and free.

Home again from the sea, sailor;
Home again from the sea,
But life has passed;
And at rest at last—
The green turf covers thee.

Broken hearts on the land, sailor;
Woe from the far-off sea,
A memory dear,
And a silent tear,
And life a mystery.

OUR DAD

We thought our dad a nervous man,
When, fuming as good fathers can,
About the way we did the chores,
And littered things about the floors,
And often wished him never near
With cherished plans to interfere.

Sometimes he scolded—gave advice,
And then we thought him far from nice,
And when he used the prompting gad,
Down in our hearts we blamed our dad.
We never knew the reason why
A tear came often to his eye.

Tonight our dad is not at home,
We mourn as thoughts of anguish come;
He left us in a hearse this morn,
The home is drear and we're forlorn,
We know our loss and feel our pain,
We cannot see our dad again.

BABY

Sweet babe, from whose enchanting eyes
Fair dreamy beams of beauty rise,
When nestled close to mother's breast
How peacefully you sweetly rest!

Like the unfolding bud that grows,
Expanding to the beauteous rose,
Your life expanding will unfold
Till all its beauty may behold.

When knowledge lights the way within
The vales beset with grief and sin.
Blest innocence of childhood's morn!
How soon away its spell is borne,

In childhood's hours in life's fair field
Are danger's pitfalls—unrevealed;
God grant a parent's earnest prayer
To shield you from each harmful snare.

THE LITTLE SOLDIER

Who is this a coming,
Marching playfully;
Romp, fife, drumming,
Will he fire at me?
He is out for battle,
Shall I turn and flee?

He's a little soldier
Carrying a gun;
Merry-faced and smiling,
Full of life and fun,
Precious little warrior,
You my heart have won.

Pretty little Captain,
With your laughing eyes,
Like a benediction
Fresh from Paradise;
I'm your willing captive,
Military prize.

ELLIOTT BAY.

Twinkling lights besprinkled on the terraced hills at night
Rising far above the crescent bay;—
Gleaming, seem to greet us, bringing feelings of delight,
When we're nearing home from far away.
Other lights may shine as brightly on another strand,
Other scenes their loveliness display,
But the lights we love to see are in our native land,
Beaming in the night about the bay.

Steamer in the harbor seems a sailing very slow,
Since we've seen the lights of native shore:—
Eagerly we long to see the loving ones we know,
Dwelling on familiar scenes once more.
Other scenes and shores are fair, and other homes are
dear;
Other lights their loveliness display,
But the lights of love alone the wanderer can cheer,
Beaming in the night about the bay.

THE LITTLE MOTHER

Dear little mother, kind and true,
We sing a song of love for you;
And yet how can we fitly speak
Of dainty blushes on thy cheek?
Or properly in words confess
The glories of thy loveliness?

The light of kindness in thy face
We ever fondly love to trace,
Thy rosy girls, thy sturdy boys
Are sources of our rarest joys,
And yet 'tis not in these alone
The choicest sweets of life are known.

Whene'er we miss thy presence here
The home is dark, the heart is drear,
As with no sun there is no day,
So night seems on when you're away;
And life is like a barren field,
Without a flower to grace its yield.

And when our daily toil is o'er,
 Dear are your greetings at the door,
 The welcome home, the cheerful smile
 That bids us rest in peace a while,
 Dear little wife, and mother too,
 The home were nothing, but for you.

THE MOTHERLESS BABE

Dim were the shadows the firelight made;
 Evening had come, and in silence alone,
 Musing my heart all its sorrow betrayed,
 Came back the song of a sweet spirit flown.

Loud ticked the clock,
 And a lone cradle's rock
 Broke on the silence,
 My musing to mock.

"Rocka-bye, baby lamb, go to sleep, dear;
 Little bright eyes with your ringlets a-curl,
 Sleep, sweetly sleep, you have nothing to fear,
 Mamma is tending her own little girl."

Loud ticked the clock,—
 The child's cradle rocked,—
 Seemed in the silence
 Its ticking to mock.

Ma's little darling slept peacefully then,
 Safe in the care of her guardian one.
 And the fond mother again and again,
 Did the loved task she so often had done.

While ticked the clock
 The child's cradle rocked,—
 Seemed in the silence
 Its ticking to mock.

Dear little babe in your lone cradle now,
 No mother's lullaby soothes you to sleep,
 Grave damp is over your fond mother's brow,
 Where weeping willows their lone vigils keep.

A lone cradle's rock
 Clicks time with the clock,
 Seems all affliction
 To ruthlessly mock.

Still to and fro, rocks the crib as before,
And the clock's tick tells the time as of old,
But here a mother's care comes nevermore,
Low in the tomb she is silent and cold.

Still ticks the clock,
The lone cradle's rock
Seems all our heartache
And anguish to mock.

E'en though the voice of the singer is stilled,
Lingers that lullaby song in my dream,
Fondest affection, its ardor unchilled,
Wells up the tears from the heart's hidden stream.

Still ticks the clock,
The lone cradle's rock
Breaks on the silence
My anguish to mock.

THE LITTLE BABY

Once a snowy blossom, clad in beauty's hue,
Blushing in the sunshine sweetly, gently grew,
Came the many passers pausing to confess
Praises for the flower in its loveliness.

So, our precious baby, clad in snowy clothes,
Beautifully budlike, as the flower grows,
Lovely as the lily,—nestling little dove.—
None forbear to praise her—none withhold their love.

Charming is the bird song sweet in glade and glen,
Stirring all the music in the hearts of men!
Sweeter than the bird song ringing full of cheer,
Cooing of our darling every day we hear.

Queen of our affections doth our baby reign,—
Of her precious edicts love cannot complain;
God protect our loved one, hear her parents' prayer:
"Ever may her lot be where enjoyments are."

MOTHER'S LETTER

'Twas a faded, crumpled letter on a sheet of narrow page,
Folded, worn, a little broken, showing well the marks of
age;

Yet he gazed upon it fondly, as he shed the silent tear—
'Twas the last one ever written by his loving mother dear.

Years had passed since he received it, but he treasured it
with care,

For he fervently believed it bore the spirit of her prayer—
Just a sweet and tender token, not a written thing of art,
Breathing of her love unspoken and a message from her
heart.

Long ago the hand had perished that this priceless mis-
sive penned,

Long that mother's love he cherished, bravest, truest,
dearest friend,

And her precious faded letter, he will keep and ever try,
Heeding well her blessed counsel, to behold her by and by.

PARENTAL LOVE

They put them in their beds at night,
To them the dearest ever born,
Sweet little children, their delight,
And said, "God keep you till the morn."

And while they slept, at midnight hour
Looked on their faces with a prayer
To Him Who guards each tender flower,
To shield the loved ones resting there.

The boys have come to man's estate,
The girls to womanhood have grown,
And all have shared the common fate
That others gone before have known.

And still parental love is theirs,
And often times 'tis kindly said,
"How precious were our loving cares
When each was in a little bed."

MOTHER'S HYMN BOOK

A little hymn book, worn with age,
A priceless treasure mine,
Reveals on many a faded page
Sweet sentiments divine;
In memory again I hear
The songs I heard when young,
Consoling music ever dear,—
The songs my mother sung.

Oft with affection's tender look,
In loving gentle ways,
She taught me from this precious book
Its songs of prayer and praise;
And when the light of day had died,
And twilight hour was dim,
In love we lingered side by side,
And sang our evening hymn.

Long years have passed—the singer sleeps;
Her mother love we miss—
To wake where God His mansion keeps
In fairer land than this.
It grieves my heart, and tears flow free,
Though I am older grown,
To muse in sorrow mournfully
And sing these hymns alone.

US BOYS

Some say us boys should always smile and never tire out,
That we are good for nothing but to chore and run about;
We very often wonder if they think our hides are thick,
And only made for whipping with a shingle or a stick.

Our hearts are often heavy when we're trying to be good,
For like the biggest, oldest folks we're oft misunderstood.
It makes us feel unhappy when we're cuffed or kicked or
yanked,
Or pulled around by ears or hair, or impolitely spanked.

A boy's a human being, and his heart is often sad
To get a cruel scolding from his mamma or his dad.
They seem to have forgotten they were children once like
us;
But when we make a blunder, there is sure to be a fuss.

They call us in the morning when we feel we'd like to
sleep,
And make us lug and tug around when we can hardly creep
And all the day, in work or play, we're busy little men,
And glad, when evening shadows fall, to go to bed again.

THE INHUMAN

Over the way lay a woman crying,
Eyes grown dim and slowly dying.

Weeping, woeful, she lived to languish—
Fading away in silent anguish.

Living over her life's brief stages
Moments were hours—hours were ages.

Out on the street were her sisters thronging;
Long for their love had she been longing.

None came near their aid to proffer;
Selfish ones let the helpless suffer.

Hearts grown cold and souls inhuman
Gave no heed to the dying woman.

Tear the mask from the pious faces
Of those who have no Christian graces!

Tell them truly, sister, brother—
God loves those who love each other.

Tell them truly; the worthy human
Helps the suffering man or woman.

THE MISER

Miser, cautious and afraid,
Always making much ado;
Fearing that the coin you've made
Yet may slip your fingers through.
None begrudge your selfish gains,
Dark suspicions, hates and pains.

Miser, grasping, planning still,
Ever to your instincts true.
Many coffers yet to fill,
What is life to such as you?
Hoard you may, but die you must,
And, like others, turn to dust.

Better far a man to be
Than a selfish brute for greed;
Better live in poverty
Than the love of men to need.
Miser, with your virtues few—
Not a soul can envy you.

LIFE'S MYSTERY

Oh! sad sweet story of ages past,
And ages and ages yet to be,
Of life and love and death at last
And the hidden wonderful mystery!
Over and over the self-same tale,
Ever and ever the smile and tear,
Ever and ever the cheer and wail
From day to day and year to year.

Love, and the babe at its mother's breast;
Toil, and the group at the fireside;
Joy, with the little ones in the nest;
Grief, and the hopes of a life denied!
God of the ages, we fain would see
Depths of Thy wonderful mystery.
God of the ages, we bow to Thee,
And wait Thy call to eternity.

THE POET'S GIFT

Lusting for gold the just defy
With them no thoughts of gain prevail;
Blood of their heart no one can buy;
Soul of their soul is not for sale.

As waters from the fountains flow,
Refreshing weary trav'lers,
So would a minstrel's heart bestow
The pleasure of his humble verse.

THE BARDS

Welcome, the grand poetic throng;
Let each a sheaf of verses bring.
The world needs every wholesome song
That e'en the humblest bard may sing.

Brothers, in man's divinest art,
Heed well the muse's sacred call;—
Drive selfish passions from the heart,
Stand all for one, and one for all.

Vainglorious no bard should be,
Nor envy brothers of the pen;
For oft the simplest minstrelsy
Brings gladness to the lives of men.

GIFTS

The man who makes a gift, to reap
The cold investor's base returns,
And for the thanks of others yearns
Far better might his offering keep.

The selfish heart that lives alone
For gain and for no other's good,
Love's law has never understood—
Has no real riches of his own.

Just giving brings sweet recompense
In grander growth of heart and mind,
And they who richest blessings find
Enjoy their living evidence.

True charity, from boastful claim
Of righteous giving, stands aloof;
And gives to selfishness reproof
Through secret gifts in friendship's name.

SELF-RIGHTEOUS DREAMS

When one is asserting, with angels he's flirting,
And living a life without guile,
'Tis grimly amusing to notice him choosing
To euchre you out of your pile.

And though he's persistently most inconsistent,
You kindly forgive him and say,
His business acumen discloses the human
And chases his angels away.

This shows that illusion may cause us confusion,
And strengthen our own self-esteem;
While others who know us, might readily show us
All self-righteousness is a dream.

ENVY

Envy, the bane of little minds,
On self intently fixed,
Its narrow souled possessor finds
His moods extremely mixed.

His love of greatness blinds his eyes
To good in others near,
It pains his soul to see them rise
Or prosperous appear.

Pity the man whose selfish view
Makes hard his lonely way;
Be glad if envy harms not you,
And for him kindly pray.

FAULT FINDING

Said Pesterkin to Brother Pounce:
"We heard our parson preach and pray
And words unnumbered mispronounce
At meeting time the other day;
Some people are a holy show
For want of learning they should know."

Said Brother Pounce to Pesterkin:
"It gets my nerves to hear him talk.
The way he blunders is a sin,
I think he'd better take a walk,
Some other place to preach to find:
A blind man can not lead the blind."

Thus Pesterkin and petty Pounce,
Unlearned in lore, untaught in schools,
As ignorant as common fools,
The worthy parson did denounce;
And yet the kindly parson tries
To lead such cattle to the skies!

DISCONTENT

Two discontented robins in their green and leafy bower,
Protected in their cosy nest in sunshine and in shower;
Bewailed their want of happiness in many a plaintive note,
Because their nest was out of sight and in a place remote.
They longed to have another one, where many robins were
And where all bird activities were constantly astir.

They left their downy feathered home and took their help-
less young
Away from all the pretty nooks where they had flown and
sung,
And built for them another nest in quarters strangely new,
Where many birds were caroling and making much ado.
They tried to have a happy home, and did their very best
To make the new as cheerful as the oldtime robins' nest.

With many robins in the flock their food was hard to find,
And some of them were ill-behaved with manners most
unkind.

In spite of all they tried to do, they never more were
blessed

With half as good a nesting place as they at first possessed.
Their saddened lives to anxious care and grief were given
o'er,

The songs they sweetly used to sing, they sung, alas, no
more.

And many hardships, too, they had, and trials underwent,
And other penalties endured because of discontent;
They often wished themselves restored unto the oldtime
spot,

Where happiness illumed their lives and lack of joy was
not;

Too late they learned the lesson that 'tis better far to stay
Within the humble home we have, than seek one far away.

OUR DILEMMA

Gentle brother, gentle brother,
Such is aye our earthly plight;
Men must strive with one another
When a dollar comes in sight.

How conflicting man's emotions
When he sees the silver shine,
How confusing are his notions
Of the law of Thine and Mine.

For the money men adventure,
Not as porchmen scale a roof,
Nor as burglars doomed to censure,
For from crime they hold aloof.

Like the gambler, cunning, meanly
Striving hard to stack the cards,
People calculating keenly,
Often seek unjust rewards.

Half-ashamed, in stealth conniving
Oft to lay each other low,
For the coin they're often striving,
Though it leave a friend in woe.

Hunger spares nor man nor woman;
Greed no mercy does afford;
Alas, men are oft inhuman,
Seeking evil's golden hoard.

Want, the heartless cruel master,
Prompts each bad unmanly deed,
Helps men flourish through disaster
Of their friends, in time of need.

Ever heed another's anguish,
Such, the path of duty plain,
Let no worthy person languish
Who refrains from wrongful gain!

If we banish want forever
From the realms of man's domain,
Evil will depart, and never
Curse our good old world again.

COMPETITORS

They lived as friends to one another;
But when the chance was good
The strong stole bread from his weaker brother,
Just because he could.

He robbed him, not like a bandit bully
Face to face with a gun;
He took no chance, but wronged him fully
As any thief had done.

His tongue was smooth, his speech was pleasant,
While seeking grim relief,
But in his heart were ever present
The longings of a thief.

He did no crime such as lawyers mention;
The danger of that he saw.
His moral crime was base intention
And will to break the law.

So are parting, and so are meeting,
Men of a Christian race—
In deathly struggle oft competing
Each other to displace.

And harsh their law as the law of battle,
When foemen fight to kill.
And low their aim as base-born cattle
That strive with brutal will.

Shame on the name of friend and brother.
What profits our honest toil
When men must ruin one another
And live by wreck and spoil.

WRITING IN BED

It is a joy in bed to lie in quiet hours of the night,
And when a vision fair goes by, behold its beauty, strike a
light,
And pillowed then, enlist the pen, a rhythmic message to
indite.

Though Thomas-cats may loudly yowl, the stillness of the
night to break,
And lone dejected dogs may howl, and night birds curious
noises make,
Of common joys they all partake, and cheer the one
who lies awake.

And, scribbling happily alone, when fellow sleepers sound-
ly snore,
All interfering sounds unknown, with fair composure
brooding o'er,
With all the cares of daylight flown—what pleasure can
we covet more?

AMBITION

When in the lowly valley
We view the hill-top higher,
To be upon its summit
Is then our sole desire;
But when we gain the hill-top
And view the mountain peak,
Our restless nature prompts us
Its summit high to seek.

When on the mountain summit,
Is love of conquest o'er?
No! then to stars in heaven
Our eager souls would soar;
As stepping stones to aid us,
We'd use them in our haste
To reach the highest heaven
Beyond the starry waste.

FLYING RISKS

A bird is wise content to flit
Within a bower, enjoying it,
For when he soars aloft and sings,
The hunter's bullet clips his wings.

And while enjoying grander view,
Mean birds of prey his flight pursue;
And thus he pays a fearful price
For soaring in unfriendly skies.

This teaches that a bird to rise
Must render woeful sacrifice,
And one who sweetest joys would know
Should be content to sing below.

Ambition's call may tempt us far,
Where fame's alluring honors are;
And yet for these in sacrifice
Our peace of mind may pay the price.

THE ICE WAGON CLUB

The Ice Wagon Club is a chilly concern
With frost-bitten members and money to burn,
Who sit around coldly and icily stare
As if to proclaim, "Of our friendship beware."

Of kindly good nature betraying no hint,
They seem like the sphinxes, with faces of flint.
Like chickadees chirping, their greetings appear,
As much as to say, "Our December is here."

These icicles quietly seem to exist
Like snow-covered bergs in the gloom of a mist.
The streams of their humor seem chilling and slow
Like brooks in the wintertime under the snow.

All through the long seasons, year in and year out,
At zero they mingle, and never thaw out,—
And if in cold storage a person would freeze,
The Ice Wagon Club his ambition can please.

JEALOUSY

Alike the pitted and repulsive scars
That blot the beauty of the fairest features,
Man's envy is the quality that mars
The better nature of God's noblest creatures.

The fateful germ producing discontent,
The spark that rouses baser human passion,
The curse that prompts a mind on mischief bent,
To rankle in a most unhappy fashion.

'Tis poison's bitter drop to taint the sweet,
That lingers in the loving cup of kindness,—
The element that renders incomplete
The human vision and betrays its blindness.

Unwelcome guest, you can not enter in
Where fair contentment is the heart consoling,
Nor e'er thy hateful ravages begin
Where love supreme man's nature is controlling.

THE RICH PAUPER

He was money-proud and had
All to make a fellow glad
That a hoarder of the coin could have and hold,
Mansion, money in the bank,
Automobiles, social rank
And a villa where the foaming ocean rolled.

Yet with means to live secure,
He was stingy, mean and poor,
And his heart was shriveled miserably small;
Cold without a human beat
It was like the winter sleet
And as bloodless as the hardest billiard ball.

Yet he lived in spite of that,
Like a blood-absorbing bat
Till he'd cursed the world full ninety years or
more,
When he left his mortal shell
And departed straight for—well,
Everybody said to curse another shore.

Richer was the man who had
Just enough to make him glad,
And a humble cottage home in which to stay,
For his heart grew never cold,
And his God was not his gold
And he blessed the world a little every day.

SUN SPOTS

A dear old poet sadly seemed to see
His fame obscured when other poets rose,
And morbidly in mental misery
His jealousy and envy would expose.

With charity his kindly fellows said,
"Our poet friend is but an erring one,
Though love and tenderness his heart hath
fled,
His faults are only spots upon a sun."

PRAISE

Behold a man by praise elated!
His voice, unduly elevated,
Rings cheerily and very loudly,
While strutting joyously and proudly,
As if some stimulant inspiring
Had caused him to be self-admiring!

And yet a gentleman may flourish
When flattery appears to nourish
The fading flowers of his ambition,
Affording them the best nutrition,
And keep the blossoms still surviving
Somewhat renewed and fairly thriving.

Praise, every one enjoys a little,
As dainty sauce with common victual;—
And whether it be truly rendered
Or by the Evil One engendered,
Though modesty appears to flout it,
'Tis very hard to live without it.

TWO WAYS

When something was coming his way
He was pleasant,
With sweetest of smiles and remarks
Ever present.
The ways of a friend he would clearly display,
When something was coming his way.

When nothing was coming his way
He'd ignore you.
And show his true color of yellow
And bore you.
But never a word to delight you he'd say
When nothing was coming his way.

Unfortunate person of villainous breeding,
The rules of fair dealing forever unheeding,
Avoid his hypocrisy—drive him away
Or shun and keep out of his way.

SCOTLAND'S SONGS

East and West and South and North,
Where her children wander forth,
Where all flags are flung,
Far away, far away
From the bonny bank and brae
Scotland's songs are sung.

I have heard them in the night
By the camper's firelight
Where the Rockies rise,
And upon the prairies fair
Ringing out upon the air
Under alien skies.

In the forest solitude,
Where the hunters lone intrude,
Rise their melodies,
And the white sails bear along
Singers of the Highland song
O'er the seven seas.

When the bagpipes' notes are heard
How the hearts of men are stirred
As they nearer come,
And the players march with pride,
Heads erect, with martial stride
Sounding loud the drum.

Weirdly over plain and hill,
Hear the piper's music shrill
All the world around,
Bringing back to valiant men
Scenes of Scotland's hills again
And the Highland ground.

Where the harp of sweetest strain
Purest, noblest tones retain,
Swept by master hand,
All the continents proclaim
Glory unto Scotland's name,
Music's Motherland,

A THOUGHT

Oh, sad sweet story, ages old
Since man was man 'twas ever told,
Of life and love and birth and breath,
That airy nothing akin to death;
Of the darling babe on its mother's breast,
Of childhood, youth, old age and rest,
When life is over, its sad race run
By law unerring as the sun.

What unsung song can the minstrel sing!
What message new can the poet bring?
The bards and singers of long ago
Have writ of mirth and wailed of woe,—
Have told the story of love and life,
Of birth and death, of joy and strife,
Till seldom a song nor ever a word
Of a thought that's new, can now be heard.

One thought is mine, I fain would tell,
Our lives seemed tuned like a solemn bell,
The words we say, the deeds we do
Ring meanly false, or grandly true;
Each day some thought our tongues confess
In swift winged words to curse or bless,—
Hence should our lives abounding be
In truth and love and sympathy.

WAR-TIME SAILING

The night is dark and stormy and a fog is hanging o'er,
The vessel's deck is slippery with sleet,
I hear the mournful warnings of the sirens on the shore
And dismal signals sounding from the fleet.

Our stately ship is wallowing along a rocky coast,
The captain swears, a picking up the lights,
The members of the crew, alert, are standing by their posts
And weathering the nastiest of nights.

There's nothing gleaming forward and there's nothing
gleaming aft,
Nor light to port nor starboard side of ship;
Between the decks, above the decks, there's gloom about
the craft,
And loneliness has got her in its grip.

I hear the engines throbbing and the turning of her wheel
And rhythmic sound of busy steel and steam,
And feel her heart's vibration reaching lofty mast and keel
And see the sparks above her stacks agleam.

The landsmen, full of terror in the narrow berths below,
Are praying for the night to pass away,
The lookout on the forward deck is watching for the foe
And longing for the early break of day.

The submarines are lurking and we're watching for the
signs

That help us dodge the demons of the sea,
And having glum forebodings of the battleships and mines,
That anywhere a sneaking near may be.

'Tis fine to be a sailor when the seas are free and clear,
And suns of day and peace divinely shine,
But hard to be a sailor when the world is full of fear,
And wrecks are red with ruin on the brine.

BIGOTRY

If we break the bigot's cruel fetter,
Striving with a will to stand for right,
We shall know our fellow beings better,
Guided well by reason's helpful light.

Why forget the dues we owe each other?
Every one is needing charity!
Why forget our neighbor is a brother?
Why should any one a bigot be?

Just a little touch of human kindness
Quickens into life a friend's regard!
If to others' faults we cherish blindness
We shall reap an ample, blest reward.

THE GOOD CAPTAIN

Beneath a midnight, starless sky
When angry waves ran mountains high,
A captain paced the deck
And through the darkness peered ahead,
While o'er the deep his vessel sped,
Avoiding shoal and wreck.

His sleeping charges down below
His many trials could not know,
On him they well relied;—
And when the dreary night had passed
They saw the stately ship made fast
In port—her master's pride.

On many a voyage he'd set sail,
From port to port through storm and gale,
And brought her safely through;
But he alone was made aware
Of burdens of a Master's care,—
For hardships well he knew.

He always did his duty well,
And his admirers proudly tell
Of all his virtues fair,—
His sweet reward is honest fame,
A record clean, an honored name,
And praises rich and rare.

Life's work well done—its race well run
When gleamed for him its evening sun,
At peace with all mankind,
Still masterful, he saw afar,
The gleaming of God's evening star
Which all good seamen find.

THE CITY GATE

Queenly city, mart of marts,
At thy portal much departs
That is best in human hearts.

Prison place of steel and stone;
Brothers here their own disown,
Coining gold from flesh and bone.

Human tide of ceaseless flow,
Whom we pass, and do not know,
Meet and pass, and come and go.

Men are dying, "Let them die,"
Says the hurried passer-by;
"They are strangers; what care I?"

And the dying murmur deep,
Gaining naught they strove to reap
Broken-hearted fall asleep.

Each for each and none for all,
Hear ambition's tempting call,
Strive and struggle, stand or fall.

Hardened souls triumphant win
In the fields of vice and sin,
Where no justice enters in.

Whom we know or may have known
Tread life's desert waste alone—
Here today, tomorrow gone.

High or low, it matters not,
Doomed to share a common lot,
Men forgetful are forgot.

Yet about the outer gate
Love and sympathy await,
And within the mart of marts
Love abounds in human hearts.

BEST FRIENDS

The word is full of parasites who worship place and power,
They're with you in prosperity, but not in sorrow's hour.—
Beware of purchased friendship with hypocrisy impure,
As transient as the shadow shapes, unworthy to endure;
'Tis better far of dearest friends to have a loyal few
Than many fawning flatterers who are no use to you.

FINAL DAYS

Time of sere and yellow leaf
Should not be a time for grief,
We should try
Daily happiness to reap
Till we gently fall asleep
When we die.

Let us bravely look ahead
With no glominess nor dread
And resigned;
Knowing flesh is like the grass
Soon to perish—calmly pass
From our kind.

Is a life eternal ours?
Trust it to the Higher Powers
Kindly just;
And without a thought of fear
End a brief existence here,
Dust to dust.

PENNILESS

When you are penniless
Soon you will find
You are cut off from
The rest of mankind.

No one will greet you,
None want to meet you,
None will waste time on
A prospect to cheat you.

When you are penniless
Love for you ends;
Look where you will
And you fail to see friends.

Welcomes are over,
Friendship moreover
Flies far away like
A vagabond rover.

AFTER THE FUNERAL

They preached and sang, and the flowers were sweet,
'Twas a fine procession on the street;
And they hurried fast with a lively turn,
Their work to do and their fees to earn.
Now deep beneath the sod he lies—
Night has fallen and drear the skies.

The bearers came, and the dismal hearse,
And the actor-pastor droned his verse;
The curious gazed, and the orphans cried,
And the widow wept at the coffin side.
They hastened away with the loved remains—
Night has fallen and silence reigns.

There was no lack of the heartless jest
When the bearers rode to his place of rest;
And few that his friendship fondly knew
Mourned in their hearts with a sorrow true.
His grave is wide and his grave is deep—
The stars watch over his final sleep.

There's an empty home where the tears flow free,
And a name is spoken tenderly;
Fond hearts are throbbing with grief and pain
For the loved one never to come again.
Though deep beneath the sod he lies—
Pray God he rests in Paradise.

TIME FLIES FAST AWAY

Women, wine and a quiet game
And vices one would blush to name,
Hey day! rollicking day,
Time flies fast away.

Wretchedness and loneliness,
A soul despairing in distress,
Hey day! rollicking day,
Time flies fast away.

Woe, remorse and a reckoning day,
A fearful price the reckless pay;
Hey day! rollicking day,
Time flies fast away.

Tearful moods at the sacrifice
A victim yields for toll of vice;
Hey day! rollicking day,
Time flies fast away.

Drug-born dreams and a mind insane,
And reason nevermore to reign;
Hey day! rollicking day,
Time flies fast away.

Women, wine and a friendly game,
A noble soul a wreck became;
Hey day! rollicking day,
Time flies fast away.

Darksome day by the river side,
Where fishers found the suicide.
Hey day! rollicking day,
Time flies fast away.

LOVE'S DEATH

Blossoms sweet and tender drink the morning dew,
And from nature's nectar scent the woodland through,
Let the dew and sunshine never with them stay,
They will quickly wither, perish and decay.

Fancy is a rover, hope and joy it needs,
It will be a stranger to the heart that bleeds,
Banish hope and pleasure, have but sorrow nigh,
Woe will reign supremely, fancy fair will die.

Love is born of kindness, goodness bids it grow;
All the joys of living from affection flow.
Crush out love and kindness, harshness give full sway,
Life will be a burden, love will pass away.

BEHIND THE SCENES

The mellow stage lights gently glow,
Where strains of sweetest music float,
From harp and violin below
In many an enchanting note;
The players seem like Kings and Queens.
Who knows their lives behind the scenes?

The millions of the world in smiles
Through life's unending dress-parade
Appear arranged in charming styles,
All prosperous and unafraid,
And yet the query intervenes:
Who knows their lives behind the scenes?

Behind each life's convenient veil
The secrets of the heart abound,
And sweetest melodies prevail,
Where souls in solemn moods are found,
And every one knows what it means,
To know the truth behind the scenes.

TWILIGHT VISIONS

Sometimes when the shadows are falling,
We seem to be under a spell,
And voices of spirits seem calling
Us over the border to dwell.
In fancy we hear and behold them
While visions are haunting our brain
In fancy we're happily near them
And living life over again. —

Oh, how our hearts hunger to meet them,
Lost friends whom we fondly adore,
And how we are longing to greet them
And speak to our loved ones once more.
We know that our visions are fleeting,
We know that our longings are vain,
Yet often we long to be greeting
Those beautiful visions again.

THE OLD HOME TOWN

The old home town is a place I'd like to see,
So full of charming memories all very dear to me.
I've wandered far and wide, but I'd like to settle down
In the evening of my days, in my old home town.

Other places have I dwelt, and in other lands have been
I'd gladly leave them all for the olden haunts again,
There's little in success; there's nothing in renown;
If you cannot have the blessings of your old home town.

Other friends may seem as true, but the early ones we
know
Are dearest, and the nearest seem, as people older grow,
And the ones we love the best, bring to happiness a crown
For we knew them in our youth in the old home town.

And when my days are ended, and my corse is laid away,
I wish to have it resting where in youth I used to stay,
And of all the spots on earth where I've wandered up and
down
I would have my spirit hover o'er the old home town.

BROTHERS THREE

Brothers three, little fellows playing
In their childish glee.
Here and there a-straying
Ever merrily.

Brothers three, kind and tender-hearted,
None more kind than they;
Long ago they parted,
Wandered far away.

Brothers three, feeble, bent and hoary
Met in later years.
Life had lost its glory,
Sad their smiles and tears.

LINCOLN'S FRIENDS

We see the sun in splendor illumining the skies
And worship not its glory, but Him Who bade it rise;
And when the helpful harvest is gathered for our need
In justice we remember the hand that sowed the seed.

God gave our land a Lincoln; fate willed his life obscure
'Till wisdom saw his greatness and made his fame endure;
As Moses smote the mountain and forth its waters purled,
Friends smote the Rock of Progress—bade Lincoln bless
the world.

The deeply hidden diamond in splendor fails to shine
Till labor seeks its beauties and opens up the mine;
Without the guiding genius of men as grand and great
A Lincoln had not risen to guide and rule the State.

All honor to their memory—all honor unto him;
In glory's constellation may not their stars grow dim;
And when we sound his praises, to justice we'll be true
And thank the loyal freemen who made him famous, too.

The mother soul who reared him; the one whose name he
bore—

Let all who love his memory remember and adore—
And while the stars their courses in harmony shall run
All forces that produced him we'll reverence as one.

O BEAUTIFUL MOON!

O beautiful moon! in your heaven of blue,
I'm thinking of friends, when I gaze upon you—
Of one passed away, as she stood by my side,
When we were light-hearted and she was my bride.

O, beautiful moon! I shall never forget
Those bright happy hours,—they comfort me yet,
When we were together, and her love-lit eyes
Were gazing with mine on your wonderful skies.

O beautiful moon! we could never foresee
That one would be taken, and one upon thee
Would gaze in the future, heartbroken, and yearn
To meet one departed, to never return.

O beautiful moon! in the depths of my woe
I'll gaze upon you, as the years come and go,
Nor shall I forget the dear one at my side
Who gazed upon you as my beautiful bride.

LANDS BEYOND

The wild winds through the churchyard moan,
A mourner grieves and joy has flown,
For in the grave a loved one lies
And o'er a mound the night wind sighs,
A heart is sad, a soul is lone,
As wild winds through the churchyard moan.

The winds blow o'er his grave tonight,
He lies away from mortal sight,
The favored one of yesterday
Has paid life's debt and passed away;
The world moves on, all hearts are light,
The wind blows o'er his grave tonight.

And ever winds of night shall blow,
As ages come and ages go,
Above his lowly resting place,
'Till time all monuments efface;
And ne'er a soul his grave shall know,
As e'er the winds of night shall blow.

But e'er a star shall point the way
To lands more fair than fairest day,
The star of Bethlehem that shone
Above the Manger and the Throne;
A risen soul shall rest away
In realms more fair than the fairest day.

CHILDHOOD'S SONGS

When their tones are least expected,
Oft I hear my childhood's songs;
Songs for years unsung, neglected,
As I move mid busy throngs;
And I dearly love to hear them,
Ringing sweetly in my dreams,
And my thoughts of love endear them
As the light of memory gleams,
Childhood's songs.

Many passing years I've numbered,
Since I heard their melody;
Playmates long in death have slumbered,
Since they sang those songs with me,
Still their voices I remember,
And sometimes it clearly seems
That I hear their voices tender
Ringing sweetly in my dreams,
Childhood's songs.

TAX TIME

Tax time's a gloomy time, and sad it is to see
Statements of the taxes due staring up at me,
Columns for the poll tax, columns for the hogs,
Taxes on the real estate, singing birds and dogs,
Penalties on everything a man has reaped or sown
Make him feel 'tis perilous anything to own.

Tax time's a dismal time, I wish it weren't here,
Gives us forty kinds of blues, a nuisance every year;
Makes me dig my stocking up from the olden chest,
Empties it of every cent I hoarded to invest;
Seems to me I'd rather be a pauper fancy free
Than to have the tax collector talking up to me.

Tax time's an awful time, but when I've had my say
All about the "robbery," I pull my roll and pay.
When I've paid my little share and parted with my chink,
Seems to me that I can see the tax collector wink,
Closing up his "game eye," wearing of a smile,
Thinking of a tight wad parting with his pile.

ST. JOSEPH'S BELLS

Where the old canal is winding,
Near the haunts of Buffalo,
Cargo fleets and commerce finding,
And the boatmen come and go,—
Stood the old cathedral towers
With their bells to toll the hours,
Greeting multitudes below.

In the east the day was dawning,
One by one the stars grew dim,
Rosy glories of the morning
Burst the bonds of shadows grim.
Solemn-toned, those bells were ringing—
Happily the birds were singing
Nature's sweetest sunrise hymn.

Though a wanderer walked a-weary,
Lame and foot-sore, weak and faint,
Listening to their music near, he
Made no murmur nor complaint.
Heaven's temple he was nearing,
While the chimes his soul were cheering
From their lofty belfry quaint.

Dear old bells! Their tones, far-reaching,
Soothed the souls of all who heard,
Pure devotion's lesson teaching
And the heart's emotion stirred.
E'en the trudging toiler, lowly,
Thought of sacred things and holy,
Brought to mind God's precious word.

Banished seemed his lone condition,
Thinking of their music sweet,
For their blessed morning mission
Filled his heart with joy complete.
Grand old bells, so loudly pealing,
Woke the soul to thankful feeling,
Brought him to the Saviour's feet.

OLDEST LOVERS

Tell us not that love is nothing but a dream
Of the passions but a scintillating gleam,
That it liveth for a day
But to perish and decay,
And is like the troubled waters of a stream.

I've a sweetheart as the partner of my joys,
Mother of our rosy grown-up girls and boys;
And she seems as young to me
As in youth she used to be,
For no passing time her comeliness destroys.

Though I'm growing old and look through dimming
eyes
Still she is to me a precious one to prize,
And though gray is in her hair
She is dear to me and fair,
For her priceless loving friendship never dies.

Let us hope to be with her for many years,
And to know her kindly grace that ever cheers,
And to be forever true
To the charming girl I knew
Till the light of life forever disappears.

THE OLD VILLAGE

Oh! where are the "high brows" who lived in the village,
Descended from families known as "the first";
And where are the farmers retired from the tillage,
Respected because they were very full pursed?

Around the old tavern no longer they linger,
No more at the post office do they appear;
And gone are the ones who got stung, and the stinger
Who sold the good people pain-killer each year.

And what of the church, and the lean village pastor,
The cattle pound, constable, bandstand and all?
And where are the firemen, cranky schoolmaster,
And lying old settler who wore the big shawl?

They've long been disgusted with life, or gone busted,
Away to the westward far countries to see,
Where little they're known, and for grub may be trusted,
Far, far from the shade of "The Old Apple Tree."

And how about many who turned a quick penny,
To-wit: the old barber who gave us a shave,
And he who was dodging a job, without any,
And he who was there to dig every one's grave?

The sexton, the baker, the eye fixing fakir;
The doctor, the justice behind the big specs
Have gone; but the grocer and town undertaker
Are wading in gloominess, up to their necks.

McGREGOR

McGregor was a jolly boy,
Who did not think it sinful
To fill himself with liquid joy
And rollic with a skinful.

And when arrived the Sabbath day,
He favored no delaying,
But hastened to the church away
And raised his voice in praying.

He served the Lord with all his might
And worshiped Him on Sunday;
But took delight in getting tight
And raising Sheol Monday.

A tight-laced theologian,
Yet often times a rude one,
He was esteemed a godly man
And eke a very good one.

This shows that one esteemed may be,
A Christian meek and lowly,
And still be inconsistently
A churchman far from holy.

A RHYMER'S WARNING

If you would have your bread
Besmeared with butter all the time,
Remember what an humble bard shall say:
Cut out the reputation of indulging much in rhyme,
And all your fighting qualities display.

The warrior has the praises
And the homage of mankind;
The poet often times receives its scorn,
Although he leaves no frightful
Trail of blood and death behind;
But heralds in the music of the morn.

Then arm yourself for battle,
Be a warrior complete,
An educated slaughterer of men,
And have the world in homage
Casting roses at your feet,
Instead of being lonely with your pen.

THE CHINESE BAND

Clinking note of anvil ringing,
From a gong Chinese,
Shrill voiced Orientals singing,
Striving hard to please,
Yellow maid with coal black hair,
One-string fiddles, just a pair;
Madly crashing cymbals rare
Clashing time with these.

Wandering minstrels of perdition
Yowling all the while,
Sphinx-like face of each musician
Seldom cracks a smile,
Tea and cigarettes they take,
Harsh outlandish noises make,
All the harmonies forsake
In barbaric style.

Noises like a bagpipe droning,
Try to hold their own,
Sound like lonely tom cats moaning
In a monotone.
Melody forsakes the lute,
Weirdest tones escape the flute,
Horns celestial softly toot,
Drumsticks beat a stone.

Fancied scenes of ancient ages
Haunt me as I hear
Music that my soul engages,
Primal and sincere.
Yellow maid with raven hair,
One-string fiddles, just a pair,
Somehow please a fellow where
Bedlam smites the ear.

IN CAPTIVITY

If you happen in his den
He will talk a while, and then
Quite adroitly, mention slyly or suggest
It will please him to rehearse
Some exquisite bit of verse
Lurking handy in a pocket of his vest.

And before you can retreat,
While your capture is complete,
He will read his dread effusions by the score,
Till you wish the law would be
That with weapons you'd be free
To annihilate the verse producing bore.

Your disgust you will disguise,
Though the reader might surmise,
You are just a trifle weary or unwell,
And of course you do not swear,
But in tortured moments there
You have wished the versified was in purgatory.

LITTLE GRANDDAUGHTER

Once was a little girl whose face
Beamed sweetly with angelic grace.

Her grandpa liked to hold and kiss
This dear, delightful little miss.

She lightly tripped across the floor
To greet him kindly at the door,

And led him to a big armchair.
Where he would sit and smooth her hair.

A precious little girl was she,
As good as any girl could be.

Of all the children east or west,
Her grandpa loved her far the best.

Though she was always very sweet,
He brought her candy lumps to eat.

And often held her on his knee
And sang about a chick-a-dee.

Though she is young and he is old,
His heart for her will not grow cold.

And he will always like to kiss
This dear, delightful little miss.

LOVE'S ROMANCE

Forget the old love? Never!
No passing time can sever
Affection's primal ties.
Love's hours are the sweetest,
Love's conquest is completest
In youthful Paradise.

And when a romance passes
From love-lorn lads and lassies,
They seek the lost in vain;
For like a faded flower
It lived its beauteous hour,
But can not live again.

TRESPASSING

How gently summer rains descend,
Reviving flower and leaf,
Their power of giving life to lend
To bring the ripening sheaf.

The blooming roses drink their fill,
The grasses nod their heads,
While pinks their sweet perfumes distil
Within their fragrant beds.

Yet fair marauders venture here
For garland and bouquet,
And when the rarest blooms appear
The fairest take away.

If this be trespassing, I own
A trespasser am I,
For when their gorgeous hues are shown,
How can we pass them by?

A KINDLY SUGGESTION

When death shall come and you are under cover,
I hope it may be said,
You did some good before you ventured over
To slumber with the dead.

Each day try hard to help some fallen person,
And with a loving heart
Cheer up some soul that fate has put a curse on
Ere all his hope depart.

Then ask no praise for this; it is our duty,
By kindly word and deed,
To help to fill the world with joy and beauty,
And know no class nor creed.

If you are not a saint; your errors knowing
Be not at all afraid,
That unto all for whom you're pity showing
You are of little aid.

For often times a loving, kind expression
From one whose woes you learn,
Disclosing thankfulness by frank confession
Will bring you sweet return.

Rare joy supreme shall bless you for your giving;
No greater boon can be
To make your life complete and worth its living
Than blessed charity.

So ever may you strive till death shall hover
And then it may be said
You did some good before you ventured over
To slumber with the dead.

FAREWELL TO PUGET SOUND

Farewell, ye beauteous land of smiles,
Where stately forests fringe the seas,
And through whose dim and fragrant aisles
Is felt the cool refreshing breeze,
Where, covering the mountain side,
The ruddy roses blushing grow,
And down in canyons deep and wide
The emerald rivers rushing flow,
Adieu; but in my heart enshrined
Thy sylvan scenes are intertwined.

I seek no fairer land afar;
I wish no better clime than thine.
Does heaven with its gates ajar
Afford a prospect more divine?
With saddened heart I turn away
To feel there is no land like this,
Where joy of living gems each day,
And contemplating thee is bliss.
Around me sorrow casts its spell
And makes me loath to say farewell.

Adieu, Olympics, crowned with snow,
And all thy charming glens and glades;
Adieu, Snoqualmie's ceaseless flow
From summits of the grand Cascades;
With old Rainier my heart shall be
To mourn the glories of her charms
Till I again this land shall see
And ecstasy my bosom warms—
Soon may the time come rolling round
That finds me home on Puget Sound.

MOUNTAIN MUSINGS

On Rainier's sylvan trail I chanc'd to stray
Where dwelt an ancient singer by the way,
A man of sorrow, in a pensive mood;
A melancholy recluse seemed to brood,
His was a mind intent on simple things,
Replete with thought, that contemplation brings.

Home of his heart, its crags and peaks among
Long in his soul its wonders had he sung,
Threading the wilds of canyon, glen and glade
Where roam the wild deer in the forest shade,
And murmuring streamlets break the silence deep
Lulling the weary wanderer to sleep.

Music that once had 'thrall'd enraptured throngs,
Thrilled them no more; pathetic were his songs;
Bravely he brushed aside the welling tears,
Brought by the ceaseless havoc of the years,—
Communing with the spirit of the past,
Restraint, unwelcome, to the wind was cast.

"Bear me away," said he, "when I am done
With life's lone journey, and my race is run,—
Lay me a low, amid the friendly pines,
Where o'er my grave may twine the flowering vines.
With no display or music would I be
Consigned to earth, where few my grave may see."

Mountain of God! on whose majestic brow
Gleams crystal crown of never failing snow,
From whose grand shoulders, storm-torn rugged sides
Leap cataracts that roll to restless tides,
One dwelling near to thee lives not alone,
But feels the presence of the Heavenly Throne.

Pure waters from untroubled fountains flow,—
Mortals who sing of woe, have hearts of woe,—

We love the crystal waters of the fount,
But hesitate life's sorrows to recount,
And yet, 'tis well that we may calmly pause
And contemplate our human faults and flaws.

If never soundings of the sea were made,
Where rocks, unchart'd, near its surface laid,—
Who, then, when storms arise and skies are dark,
Could safely on its angry tide embark?
So, in our lives, it may be just as well
That some are licensed of our faults to tell.

Like one who, with a helpful sounding line,
The darkest depths of ocean would define,
And find the harmful, sunken reefs that keep
In ragged form all wreckage waste to reap,
So would I sound life's depths and have appear
Those hidden rocks that trouble man's career.

If, on life's rugged shore a ray of light
'Tis mine to shed, to guide one soul aright,—
If 'tis my privilege one rock to chart,
To save the wrecking of a human heart,
And o'er the wave cause love's fair beams to shine,
Then God be praised! a thankful heart is mine.

II.

OF THOUGHTS

Boast we of truth; demand that it be told,
Then persecute a being, over-bold,
Who, conscience heeding, freely speaking, dares
Plain truth to tell. He like a martyr fares,
Since evil from advantage basely bought
Decrees that candor's voice shall come to naught.

Pray, who shall say it is a crime to think,
Or at the fountain of Reflection drink?
Had reason's gift by nature been denied,
Well might we wish our heads were ossified,

'Tis best to reason all we can, to find,
A measure of contentment for the mind.

Possessing little but a vacant mind,
The thoughtless think they think—to reason blind,
In circles wandering, by error led,
Isms enjoying, and to hobbies wed;
Self-satisfied, they seem to think 'tis odd
They are not Heaven-called to counsel God.

No thought is new. In the dim long ago
Men lived, as now we live, in joy or woe;
In sober moods of contemplation, saw
Cause and effect, the fruit of nature's law,
And by the light of wisdom loved to scan
The birth, the life, the destiny of man.

Man's deepest thought relates to simple things,
Long troubling lowly beggars,—mighty Kings,—
For each and all, the sinful and the good,
Misunderstanding and misunderstood,
Grope through the world forever, asking why
Knowledge of God is hidden till we die.

The voice of conscience makes our duty plain
To give the steeds of Reason ample rein,
Unchecked, it is a joy to bid them go,
Ranging the realm of Freedom, high and low;
For Truth, untettered, knows no leading strings,
And, though unwelcome, satisfaction brings.

Therefore shall Reason bid thee 'heed the spell,
That hovers where the sprites and fairies dwell,
Though feebly burns the strange poetic fire
That thrills the soul and shows the heart's desire,
Give to the world a message from your pen
Bearing the thoughts, that haunt you, unto men."

The thoughts that come unbidden here, we write,
Whate'er their faults, and other thoughts invite,

And, whether good, or bad, unfettered free,
Bid them well to agree, or disagree,—
It matters not; who would apologize
When they are true, and free from cant and lies.

III.

WAR

On earth was never time of long repose,
Man's ablest arguments are stripes and blows;
'Twixt ways of man and brute, meanest are man's,—
Clashing forever are his battle clans,
Seeking God's aid, as if He well could be
Fighting Himself,—all bringing victory.

Today a generation longs for peace.
If it could ever live, all war would cease;
It passes on, another takes its place,
Bearing the primal passions of our race;
These, all endeavors of the just defy,
And doom the species by the sword to die.

While warrior chiefs away from war remain;
And steal the glory due to warriors slain,—
As long as serfs obey a chieftain's word,
And go like dogs to perish by the sword,
So long shall men in murders brutal court
Bow down to be of selfish kings the sport.

When clamorers for war, no more may stay,
Securely safe, far from the bloody fray,
When men of words, must back them with their deeds,
And reap the woe, the coward hearted breeds,
Wars will be fewer, for the blatant sneak
Will never glory in a battle seek.

War cannot cease while man shall tread the earth;
Came, with the breath that came to him at birth,
The spirit of the slayer, in his blood,
That bids him keep the tide of strife at flood.

While lives a pair—to fight will be their pride;
The last to live will be a suicide.

Dreamers of lasting peace, despair not yet;
Murderers may the love of war forget;
Through evolution, revolution may
Bring to the world a fair millennial day;
However much your songs delight the ear,
Their music gets no kindly welcome here.

IV.

LONGINGS

When ways of men are harsh, and wrongly rude,
Comes earnest longing for sweet solitude,
Where music of the brook, the bee, the bird,
In gentle harmony are faintly heard,
Beneath the leafy boughs of shelt'ring trees,
Living in wild companionship with these.

On some lone island in a silent sea,
Away from hateful discord would I be,
For who delights in turmoil, or the rush
Of men on men, Ambition's hope to crush,
Contending selfishly to reap success,
Unmindful of the virtues they possess?

Pleasing the thought to linger peacefully
Where haunts of men we nevermore may see,
In deep seclusion ever to remain,
No more to know a fellow being's pain.
Of care unmindful, glad to be relieved
From living where for man my heart has grieved,

V.

FAME

When men aspire to fill a niche of fame,
Scheming, they play a heartless, cruel game,—
Put rules of right conveniently aside,
While honor yields to envy, greed and pride.—

Strange breeds are these, like children striving hard
For empty honors and a fool's reward.

Eager the spoils of conquest to possess,
The weaker of their species to oppress,
Fierce is the strife of men in mad pursuit
Of fame or gain; like brute destroying brute,
Who with an evil doer's vile delight
Proclaim the rule that might alone is right.

No pleasure thrills us when we contemplate
The way in which impostors, seeming great,
Sound their own praises, fill the public eye
In life's great race—pass men more worthy by:
Wearing the laurels of unworthy fame,
Crowning dishonor with an honor'd name.

Fame, fleeting swiftly, passes with the years,
And scarce appears before it disappears;—
Of all the prizes from the world obtained,
This is the least alluring to be gained.
For what is fame but mortals' passing praise,
To perish like the memory of our days?

VI.

ENVY

Of all the passions with which men are cursed,
Envy and jealousy are far the worst;
For worthy souls these have no compliment,—
Observe them with uneasy discontent,
And, pained to see well-favored fellows rise,
Affect their well-earn'd laurels to despise.

Though honors and rewards to him accrue,
And rank him with the world's successful few,
Beware of one whose heart is like the steel,
And cannot for the woes of others feel,
Who coldly passes friendless beings by,
And views the helpless with averted eye.

VII.

SORROW

In every life's fair field there is embraced
 Some portion dreary as a desert waste,
 O'ercast with angry clouds of black despair,
 With nought to cheer the lonely trav'ler there,
 When, mid our sighs, our tears and rising grief,
 We long for death to bring us sweet relief.

Souls o'erburden'd with excessive care.
 Oft yield to moods of sadness unaware,
 And every one, however greatly blest,
 Believes himself to be the worst distress'd.
 Such is the small horizon of the mind,
 Man fails to feel the sorrows of his kind.

When sorrow shuts the sunlight from the day,
 And hope, extinguish'd, lends no friendly ray,
 There comes a time when stoutest hearts do ache,
 And troubled, care o'erladen, fail and break,
 Deeply discourag'd, grief o'erladen, dumb,
 Beneath a weight of gravest care succumb.

Our joy and sorrow seem like next to kin;
 When ceases one, the other doth begin;—
 Lightest of hearts, when trouble brings distress,
 Suffer the keenest in their loneliness,
 While hearts inured to sorrow fail to show
 How keen their suff'rings, how great their woe.

Yet from man's mournful meditations spring
 The Heavenly Muse's choicest offering,—
 Inspired thought and tender melody,
 Charming in rhythmic numbers, pure and free.
 However much we seem to sacrifice,
 Affliction brings a blessing in disguise.

VIII.

CHARITY

The lowly turtle with its bony jaws,
 The seashore crab with whiskered head and claws

Appear ideal creatures made to fit
This rolling globe and cogitate in it.
Each lives a while, the sun enjoys today
And like mankind survives to pass away.

'Tis said these have no souls, but who can prove
They have not souls and cannot feel or love?
Believing human wisdom is complete,
How vain our boastfulness and self-conceit!
Self-satisfied we seem content to show
We know all things, but prove we little know.

Some natures from all sympathy are free—
Insensible to human misery,
While nobler natures woes of others share,
And help their burdens of distress to bear,
Each true to nature, heartless, or with heart—
One fails; the other does a brother's part.

Within its germ securely nurtured lies,
Form, fragrance, beauty of the flower we prize;
And every thistle of the noxious weed
Springs from a tiny cell within the seed.
Each has its uses. Is it just to shower
Our curses on the weed, and praise the flower?

The birds of song pour forth their tuneful notes,
Torrential melodies from dulcet throats,
In meadows sweet;—not so the bittern harsh,
Whose shrill note rises from the noisome marsh;—
Divergent voices,—plumage not the same,
Yet who would speak of these with praise or blame?

Shall we berate the leopard's spotted coat,
Or praise the robin for its pleasing note?
Each, true to species, lives the best it can,—
Pleases or fails to please the critic, man.
Let Charity prevail! the truly wise
An inborn trait will never criticise.

FRIENDSHIP

Friendship consists of more than honeyed speech
Or promised gifts kept just beyond our reach,—
Present, whenever pressing needs arise,
It from a friend in trouble never flies,
'Tis more than flattery, and never fails
Where love, with true fidelity, prevail.

Strange business friendships, foster'd to create
Fraud's evil ambush, where men lie in wait,
Cunning of hunters deftly to display,
And lead a guileless victim far astray,
Are promptly broken when the spoiler's snare
Has lured a victim to destruction there.

Friendship is noble, far beyond all price;
Kindly, sincere,—makes willing sacrifice;
Aids eagerly a lov'd one in despair,—
Drives gloom away,—bestows affection's care;
Unselfishly it labors, ne'er complains
Of lack of recompense or worldly gains.

False friendships never were: pretensions sham
Professed in friendship's name but serve to damn
Base, lying tongues that flatter to deceive
And leave them in the realm of Make-Believe.
Such fancied friendships only serve to teach
That liars seldom practice what they preach.

Friendships there are, that never fail nor fade,
By love exalted and in Heaven made;
Like stars of glory in the heavens set,
None may their lasting loveliness forget,—
Blessings beyond all price,—beyond all praise,—
That gladden those who have them all their days.

IX.

CAMOUFLAGE

Two lives leads everyone—the life without,
Which man permits the world to know about;

The other, secretly, is lived within,
Not over-bad, but seldom free from sin.—
Self-preservation's law prompts mother wit
In harmless ways to play the hypocrite.

And he who dares this homely truth deny
Well knows the soul's indulgence of a lie;
And yet, by fable, some must e'er survive,
That they may live and, living, justly thrive;
'Tis better far to human faults conceal
Than ugliness of nature to reveal.

X.

WEALTH

Why preach of justice, righteousness and truth,
Impress their precepts on the minds of youth,
While we from truth and righteousness refrain
And use the arts of savagery for gain,
That each may have and hold and, hoarding, save
The perishing, to leave it at the grave?

Base money madness seems the cause that leads
Some men to heap up wealth beyond their needs;
They know the time will come when they must die
And leave it at the graveside by-and-by,
Where atoms lowly, and the atoms great,
Not even atoms may accumulate.

Yet wealth, when kindly hands its course directs,
No chance to aid the suffering neglects,—
Ever the voice of mercy gladly heeds,
Administers to worthy human needs,
Consoles the helpless, and, with love imparts
Blessings that elevate all human hearts.

It rends the mountains, lays the forests low,
Speeds commerce ever where the four winds blow,
Moistens the desert, bids its burning plain
Burst forth in beauty for the world's great gain,

Gives heart to labor, bids mankind progress
And brings the world enduring happiness.

XI.

DISCONTENT

Sometimes we waken from life's dull routine,
And contemplate its wondrous passing scene,
Thinking in lonely hours of loved ones gone
Beyond this life into the Great Unknown,—
We, murmuring, would welcome any plan
Relieving man of mourning more for man.

Contrary seem the lives that most men lead,
Succeeding when they care not to succeed,
And, failing in pursuits long idolized,
They take, at last, a course at first despised;
When hope deferred has sadly taken wings,
Ambition, like the nettle, hath its stings.

Like children passing flowers one by one
Seeking the fairest blossoms farther on,
We fail to draw from nature's goodly store
The sweets of life; too often we deplore
A dearth of happiness, when, scattered round,
The rarest joys and blessings may be found.

Toil we through weary years, each year to learn
Things new, and welcome each new year in turn,
To learn the way to live, we vainly try,
And when prepared to live, 'tis time to die.—
And so the age-old way of life repeat
Since life's completeness is but incomplete.

Sad are the lessons men may learn at last
When all that's best in life's career is past.—
Too late they learn that, often, sham pretense
Receives the greater praise and recompense.
Too late they learn that virtue weeps alone,
Unnoticed, helpless, penniless, unknown.

XII.

BIGOTRY

The world reveres the saintly man of God
Who treads the lowly paths the Christ hath trod,
And, like the One who preached by Galilee,
And prayed in anguish in Gethsemane,
Knows naught of bigotry, but loves to pray
For fallen man as Jesus taught the way.

Sects full of mental insects, how they swarm
To curse the world and fill it with alarm!
A pestilential breed, to sow the seed
Of enmity concerning creed and creed.—
All others wrong, they loudly advertise
Their only holy highway to the skies.

Purblind, the bigots holding narrow view
Assume to know the false creeds from the true,—
Freedom of thought to others would deny;
All rules of right and equity defy,
Mischievous, ever glad to fan the flame
O hatred's fire in blest religion's name.

When prancing sermonizers rant for gain
And holiness ignore in ways profane,
The few who come to listen fall asleep,
While shepherds charged with tending, shear their sheep
Commercialize their calling, and besmirch
And scandalize the merits of the church.

Vainly they rave!—of righteous betters bawl,
But harmless all their darts of hatred fall!
The Holy Church of God upon the rock
Of the true faith heeds not the feeble shock
Of persecution; and sustains no less
Victorious, neath the Banner of the Cross.

XIII.

CASTE LAW

Evil the law, and senseless, that enthalls
The love of woman when affection calls,—

And bids her wed a true, congenial mate,
Fulfill her life's true mission ere too late,
Within the circle of a happy home,
Where little children Heaven-blest might come.

Infamous the unwritten law of caste
That, for one error, woman's life would blast,—
When for like error man lives undisturbed
His life untroubled, and his sin uncurbed.
Justice its death demands; in freedom's name
Requires that common fault bear equal blame.

The very root and essence of this law
Is based on woman's charity, and awe
Of strength, and power of man, and fancied need
Of his protection, hence she gives slight heed
To his vile sinning; but ignores his sin
And bids him stay her circle pure within.

Whoe'er a woman's sweet trust would betray,
And lead her from the path of right astray,
Deserves no confidence, nor should he find
A friendly welcome from disgraced mankind.
As deadly as the serpent, he should know
That every true man is dishonor's foe.

Who ruins woman, fills her life with pain,
Is worse than one who bears the brand of Cain,—
A vile seducer, making no amends,
Should find on earth no resting place, nor friends,
But suffer keenly till his latest breath,
Doomed as an outlaw, well deserving death.

When women raise their fallen from the pit
Of infamy and keep them far from it.
And brutish moral lepers, firmly shun,
O'er libertines a victory will be won,
Once ostracised, these wolves for human prey
Will from all social sunlight fade away.

When the wronged sex no longer will endure
This crying evil, then will come its cure.
When woman shall her erring ones defend,
And to the libertine no grace extend;
Of friendship's border he will be outcast,
With justice done to everyone at last.

XIV.

OLD AGE

When beauty leaves the cheek, and hair is gray,
Betraying, coming stages of decay,
And speech unbridled, seems to prompt the tongue
To boast of prowess when a life was young,
'Tis well for prudent age itself to curb,
Lest it the patience of the young disturb.

When plant and flower have nobly gone to seed,
From all attractive charms of beauty freed,—
No more for these the youthful pulses stir,
We think of what they are, not what they were;
So thoughts of men their fellow-men engage,
When youth has given way to hoary age.

When age its failing stage can not disguise
And men no more a man can utilize,
They heed him not, but coldly by him pass,
Like an old animal turn'd out to grass:
He roams around the world on husks to bait
And shares the hardships of an outcast's fate.

Age crown'd with wealth more fortunate appears,
Especially when having divers heirs,
Who, failing not his wealth to keep in view,
Think oft of his demise,—his last will, too;
Give him glad hands, and never fail to smile,
And, when he dies, weep like the crocodile.

Age blessed with wisdom wisely keeps its own
'Till death comes calling from the Great Unknown,

Knowing that next of kin are oft unjust,
It tempts them not by gifts to break a trust;
And so insures itself, what some have not,—
A stone to mark its final resting spot.

Age might be happy, if before it came
It gathered something more than mere good name.
For names, however honor'd, pay no bills,
Nor tide a person o'er misfortune's ills;
And one who doth his welfare much neglect
Gets only kicks and cuffs and disrespect.
Content with little and desiring less,
Well knowing man at last reaps nothingness,
Age may be happy, if it fails to care,
For more than meat and drink an humble share,—
Covets no downy couch on which to rest,
And feels that everything is for the best.

Ring, wedding-bells—when ancient pairs are wed,
And just ahead, ring dirges for the dead,
Icicles do not prosper well in May,
Nor blossoms glorify a winter's day,
Love has one romance,—and but one alone,
Seldom to flourish when the years are flown.

Old age is often lovely and serene,
Like a descending sun near evening seen,
With kindliness and cheerfulness aglow;
More beautiful in grace it seems to grow
Beloved, respected, honored, held more dear
And venerated each succeeding year.

Age still more happy is when precious peace
Of mind bids daily happiness increase,
Believing God is merciful and wise,
In an exalted mind no fears arise
To be a nightmare to man's brief career,
But bids him live contented happy here.

LABOR

The world's great heart for love forever sighs,
Its sympathy and kindness never dies,
But one who never lived by sweat of brow
The burdens of the toiler cannot know;
Experience in toil bids one extend
Sweet sympathy to every toiling friend.

At eve the toiler's daily task is done;
Comes care no more till comes another sun;
But master of the mill, or slave of mart,
Lives seldom from depressing care apart;
By night and day responsibilities
And hours of keen anxiety are his.

Reptilian characters of evil breed
As demagogues and flatterers succeed,
Mere social spiders, seeking human prey,
Weave harmful webs, and live their hateful day;
For, toiling not, from toil they take their toll
And fatten from the toilers they control.

Who prates of class, with Envy's evil will
And aims all human harmony to kill,
Is but a viper on Contentment's breast
To poison it with hatred and unrest.
Seeking the rights of men to overthrow
And through dissension bring them want and woe.

And he who tries the toiler to oppress
An autocratic spirit must confess.—
Splendor and squalor at a rich man's gate
No more should meet—nor Lazarus await
For crumbs his passing hunger to appease,
With Dives feasting at the board in ease.

Free born, the toiler must be free to toil
Whene'er, where'er he will, with none to spoil
His peace of mind by force or angry threat,
And fierce heart-burnings wrongfully beget,—

But labor, free from all coercive test,
Should ever be with substance amply blest.

When life began, democracy of birth
Bade every one go forth and till the earth.
Heed well the call, if call there comes to you,
The humblest labor in this world to do.
Break down the barriers of class and caste,
And prejudice, forgot, will die at last.

Toilers of hand and brain, no rights denied,
Should joyfully go forward side by side
From sea and soil, just recompense to gain,
Brothers in hand and heart to long remain;
And all of humble toil,—or master skill,
Should happily their destiny fulfil.

XVI.

LAWYERS

Eschew all base ambition, men of law!
Twixt rich and poor no more distinction draw,
Strive not for honors, scheme no more for fees,
Lay litigation low and counsel peace.
Remember lawyers can alone be great
Who serving well themselves, well serve the state.

The thieving members of your clan disbar,
Law's honored shield permit them not to mar,
With scoundrels, who all justice have forgot,
Prove to the world you have no part nor lot,
Like Christ, who scourged the temple of the mean,
Keep thou the precincts of thy temples clean.

Cleanse every court, and never more maintain
A thirst for glory nor a cause for gain,
Forgetting purse and scrip, Justice insure
For high and low alike, forever pure;
Covet no riches, to yourselves be true,
Though honors and rewards ne'er come to you.

As keepers of your calling, highly prize
Its ancient landmarks, nor commercialize
Its principles and practices; but hold
Its ethics far more precious than mere gold;
Justly from condemnation ever free,
Respected, honored evermore to be.

XVII.

SCHOOLS

Adversity, how heartless is the school
Where fate and circumstance unkindly rule!

No pupil here may angle for degrees
Nor spend his hours in idleness and ease;—
But he who here would graduate must pay
An honest price and learn the hardest way.

Yet some illustrious graduates were thine,
Whose names in history's pages brightly shine.
Unspoiled by vanity or mere pretense
Merit alone proclaimed their eminence.
Through poverty a fearful race they run,
To take exalted places in the sun.

The foolish may their witless ways disguise,
The college bred may be unwise or wise,
And he who boasts the sheepskin's gilded seal
May traits that brand the imbecile reveal,
No wise man's puny stamp or mark or brand
Can make the underwitted understand.

Learning and culture, noble and refined,
Lend added lustre to a brilliant mind.
Who deeply drinks, refreshed, at learning's fount
Better life's trials and troubles may surmount,
And he who boasts he is a self-made man
Sometimes relieves his God of censure's ban.

XVIII.

CHILDREN

Without the crowning grace of motherhood
Our world would not be rightly understod,
And happy souls more happy still may be
Who know the charming spell of infancy,—
Pleased with perpetuation of their kind,
More fit for living, more composed in mind.

Sometimes the childless ones lack just esteem
Of sacred love of which the poets dream;
Without a loving one to leave behind
Narrow they grow and selfishly inclined.
Truly they may have loved, yet sadly lost
Life's sweetest blessings at a fearful cost.

Pity the pair not knowing what they miss,—
Parental love, a prattling infant's kiss!
Dear little babes, of life's fair fruits the best,
Reviving love in every human breast,—
They cheer us, like the flowers pure and sweet,
And make the circle of the home complete.

XIX.

HADES

Somehow, 'tis natural to have a hell
Somewhere in which a devil ought to dwell,
To punish all no human law can reach
When guilty of some dire offensive breach
That stirs the heart of hatred, and demands
Revengeful torturing by fiendish hands.

Do hell and devil come from man within,
Revealing savagery beneath the skin?
While he, ashamed to own it—would create
Excuses to conceal a heart of hate?
Well, be it so, for hell of club and first
Was primal man's to help him to exist.

XX

OF POETRY

Like peaks arising through a silver mist
Scarcely defined, seen dimly to exist,—
Or rainbow hues half-hidden by the rain,
Seen indistinctly ere their tints are plain,
So, veiled suggestions half-concealed between
A poet's lines are beautifully seen.

'Twixt poetry and doggerel a line
Is drawn, which poets always well define;
As if, behind a vague, mysterious veil,
The sweetest sentiments alone prevail,
Deserving every reader's fulsome praise
Superior to verse of wholesome phrase.

In every soul sweet sympathy is found,
Flowers of love in every heart abound,
And earnest lines up-springing from the heart
Pay little heed to frozen codes of art.
Yet some cold-blooded musers' lines are nice
Like winter frost-flakes gleaming on the ice.

Forgetting fancy knows nor clan nor class
And merit is no stranger to the mass,
Some polished high-brows marvel at the low
Whene'er the latter write a line or so,
As if the readers of a pictured page
Must be endowed above the average.

Like birds of song who pause in song to peck
And slyly pick each other on the neck,
From force of habit rather than ill-will
And so the urge of nature's law fulfil—
So some well-favored poets, singing, pause
To pick and find a brother poet's flaws.

Lean Penury and Poesy appear
In happy beggary the world to cheer!
One dwells in clouds, one grovels on the ground,
Twin, boon companions seeming firmly bound,—

Yet Poesy on love's ambrosial wine
Elated ever, never doth repine.

A barren field whose worn out soil is dead,
No harvest brings, and thistles yields instead,
And so the human mind, its vigor gone,
Seems most unfertile as the years come on,—
Seldom abounding in the moods that bring
The sweetest dreams of which true poets sing.

Too often, famous poems represent
A waste of energy, and time misspent,
Long poems seem well hated, even worse
Are hated wretched rhyme and tedious verse.
'Tis hard to tell when lines deserve the fate
Of earnest tribute of a reader's hate.

XXI.

OPTIMISM

Like hues of rainbow beaming from a prism
Beam from the soul the rays of optimism,
Happy the one whose cheerfulness of view
In time of trial leads him safely through,
No dreary night is his: from sun to sun
Shines kindly star of hope to guide him on.

Forever foremost in life's battling list,
He stands a brave unyielding optimist
Who reckons not his years nor passing time,
But thinks and feels like one in youthful prime.
Nor storm nor strife can fill him with dismay,
Nor drive the day dreams of his life away.

XXII.

CLOSING COMMENT

Concluding now a casual survey
Of good and evil things in brief array,
The muser's pen is gladly laid aside,
For naught was writ in selfishness or pride.

If critics rage, he shall not be unnerved,—
'Tis better truth be damned than unobserved.

For one who hates the truth sometimes objects—
Because its mirrored facts his life reflects,
Yet conscience, quickened, prompts him to review
His past mistakes, and other faults eschew.
Thus truth at first condemned leads to a plane
Of mental helpfulness and moral gain.

Life is so full of gladness, hope and cheer
It almost seems a sin to have appear
The seamy ugly surface of its field,
Etched by the shaft of censure on its shield;
But censure without malice seems to trace
By contrast greater beauty on its face.

Once reigned a monarch where a minstrel's lay
With morning bird-song rose to greet the day,
And bloomed a fragrant plain of palm and pine,
Where roamed a gentle shepherd with his kine
Nothing survives their story to illume
Nor e'en the fading vestige of a tomb.

In desert sands behold the Pyramid
Its history unknown, forever hid!
The brain that planned, the cunning hands that wrought.
Toiled for immortal fame and came to naught!
The wild wind of the desert waste alone
Rules where a monarch once enjoyed his throne.

When this abandoned globe in gloom shall swing
And on its face shall be no living thing;
When suns, extinguish'd, leave it void of light,—
A waste of waters black in endless night,
Who then shall pause to praise its glories when
God's genial warmth blessed the abode of men?

Dream as we may, we never can reverse
The law of being and the universe,

God needed not the sun, nor moon, nor world,
Ere He the banners of His light unfurled,
All-powerful; all-seeing, and all-wise;
Still would He rule His kingdom in the skies.

How sweet 'twould be if man, with high resolve,
A way to live in honor would evolve,—
Casting aside some faults and solemn lies,
To thrive no more by human sacrifice—
And make the world a wholesome place to be
Free from injustice, wrong and misery.

If in the confines of forgotten waste
Our greatest human failings could be placed
And by exalted impulse we would rise
And make this world our own fair Paradise,
Then might the Holy Angels sing Amen
Proclaiming peace on earth, good will to men.

Mountain of God! thy singer soon shall sleep
Where towering firs their lonely vigils keep,
And other Musers' songs of thee shall sing,
When his lone soul has flown on spirit wing.
An inspiration ever shalt thou be
To wake the soul to Heavenly minstrelsy.

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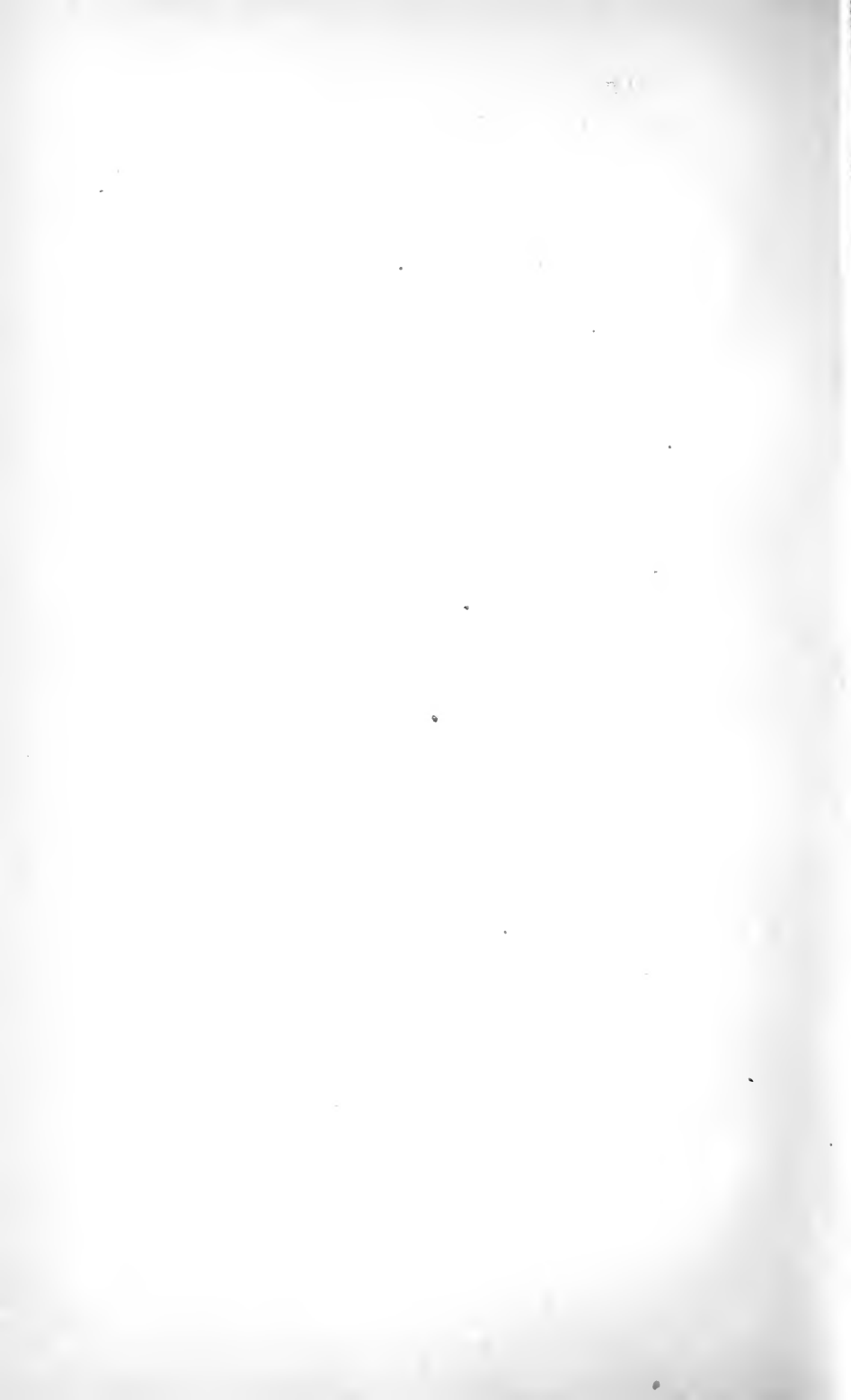
Prefaces too often occupy space in books deserving obituary notices. Space herein awaits developments. Versifiers sometimes inform the public that they do not write poetry and are not poets, seeming to fear that such facts may not be discovered. The writer omits this formality. Through the courtesy and good will of Hon. A. C. Kessinger, Editor of the *Rome Sentinel*, Rome, N. Y.; A. W. Russell, Esq., Editor *Case and Comment*, Rochester, N. Y.; Scott C. Bone, Esq., Editor *Post-Intelligencer*, Seattle, Wash.; J. P. Rawson, Editor *North End News*, Seattle, Wash.; Editor *Seattle Star*; J. C. Gregory, Editor *Sentinel*, Bothell, Wash.; and Hon. J. N. Tinklepaugh, Editor *Leader*, Kalkaska, Mich., and other editors, some of the lines herein have been published in their respective publications and credit is given accordingly. For encouragement to produce verse the author is indebted to the poet, Charles Eugene Banks, Prof. J. Edmond Butler, Hon. Calvin S. Hall, Rev. J. D. O. Powers, John Arthur, Esq., and C. W. Scarff, poet, all of Seattle, Wash.; Dr. C. M. Martin of Bellevue, Wash., and Hon. Arthur J. Craven of Bellingham, Wash. The good will of Martin Korstad, Esq., and William Corcoran, Esq., of Seattle, Wash., is also acknowledged and appreciated. If guilty of indiscretion in publishing this book, none of these gentlemen should be considered guilty as accessories before the fact.

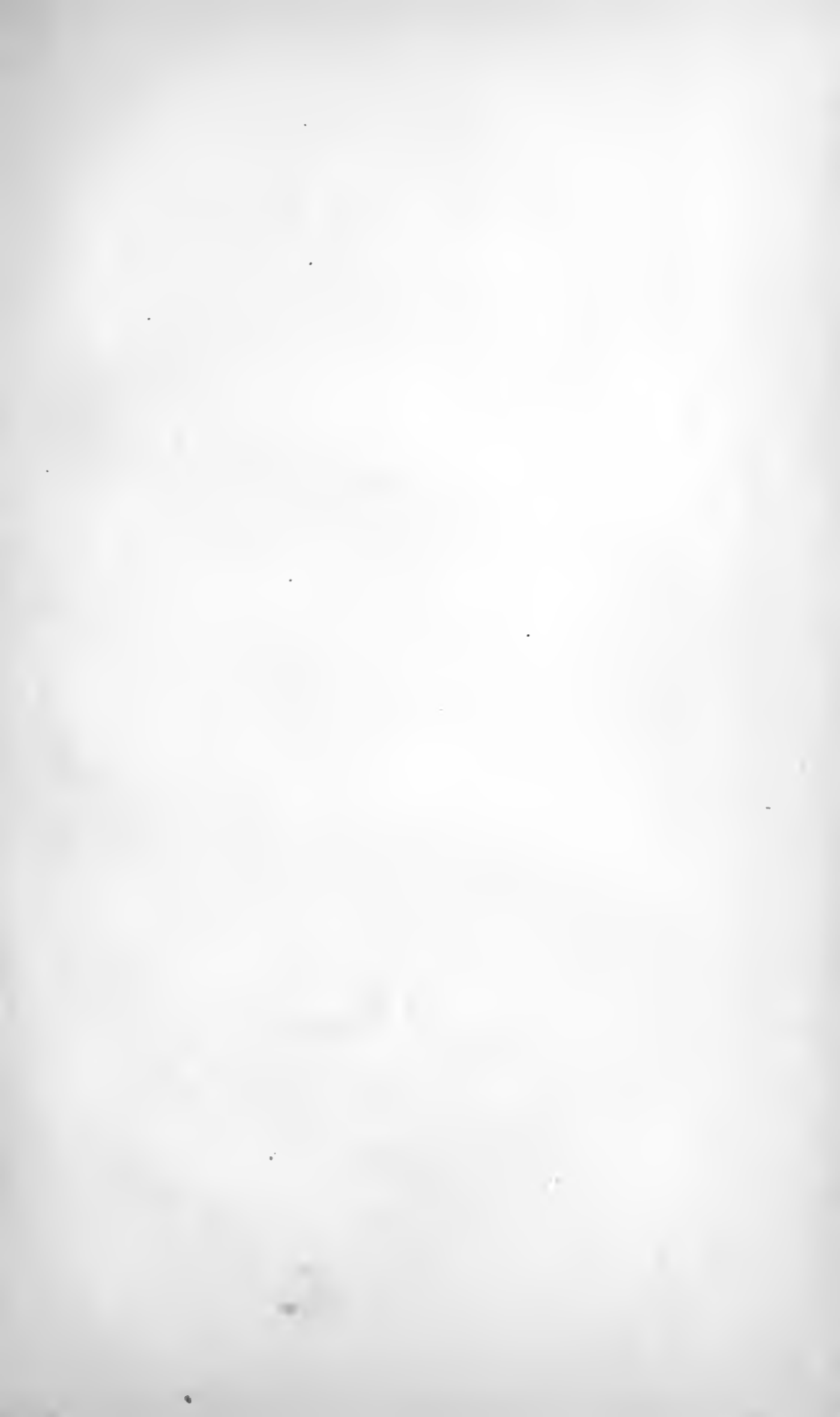
The lines on Washington were written for, and read at, a banquet of Sons of the American Revolution, at Seattle, Wash., February 22, 1916. The verses, *St. Joseph's Bells*, were written many years after the writer as a canal-boy heard their music. Not knowing the name of the Cathedral from which it came, it was, upon request furnished the writer by the late Right Rev. Bishop Colton of the Diocese of Buffalo, N. Y., resulting in the publication of the lines in the *Catholic Union* and *Times* of that city. Steilacoom, Wash., a place referred to in lines in the book, relate to the asylum for the insane there. Quoting the language of a true poet whose verse was produced at random, it must be said that all the verses in this book were written after business hours, here, there, everywhere, hurriedly, with little of study and less of art. Verses appearing to be personal to the author are really not so. They represent characters observed in what lawyers sometimes call, a clearing house for trouble—a lawyer's office. If bad verse is discovered, be not discouraged; verse equally bad may be discovered further on by diligent search. If good verse is discovered and encouragement given, another book may be forthcoming. However, this is not a threat. The white ball elects. The black ball rejects. Be careful how you ballot.

My heart leaps up with joy, when I contemplate how fortunate it is, for me (if not for others) that I have escaped the enforcement of the rule, announced by one facetious author, to the effect, that *all* versifiers should be killed at the age of 26 years. If I had a harp, and could play on it, I would not hang it on a willow; but twang away on it, joyfully, with glad thanksgiving, for being able to publish this booklet (not for glory, nor gain), regardless of whether its lines represent prose, rhyme, rhetorical verse, or even poetry. If one can not be a poet, he can be thankful if some old poet's ghost flits around him occasionally, for truly every one is a poet in one way or another.

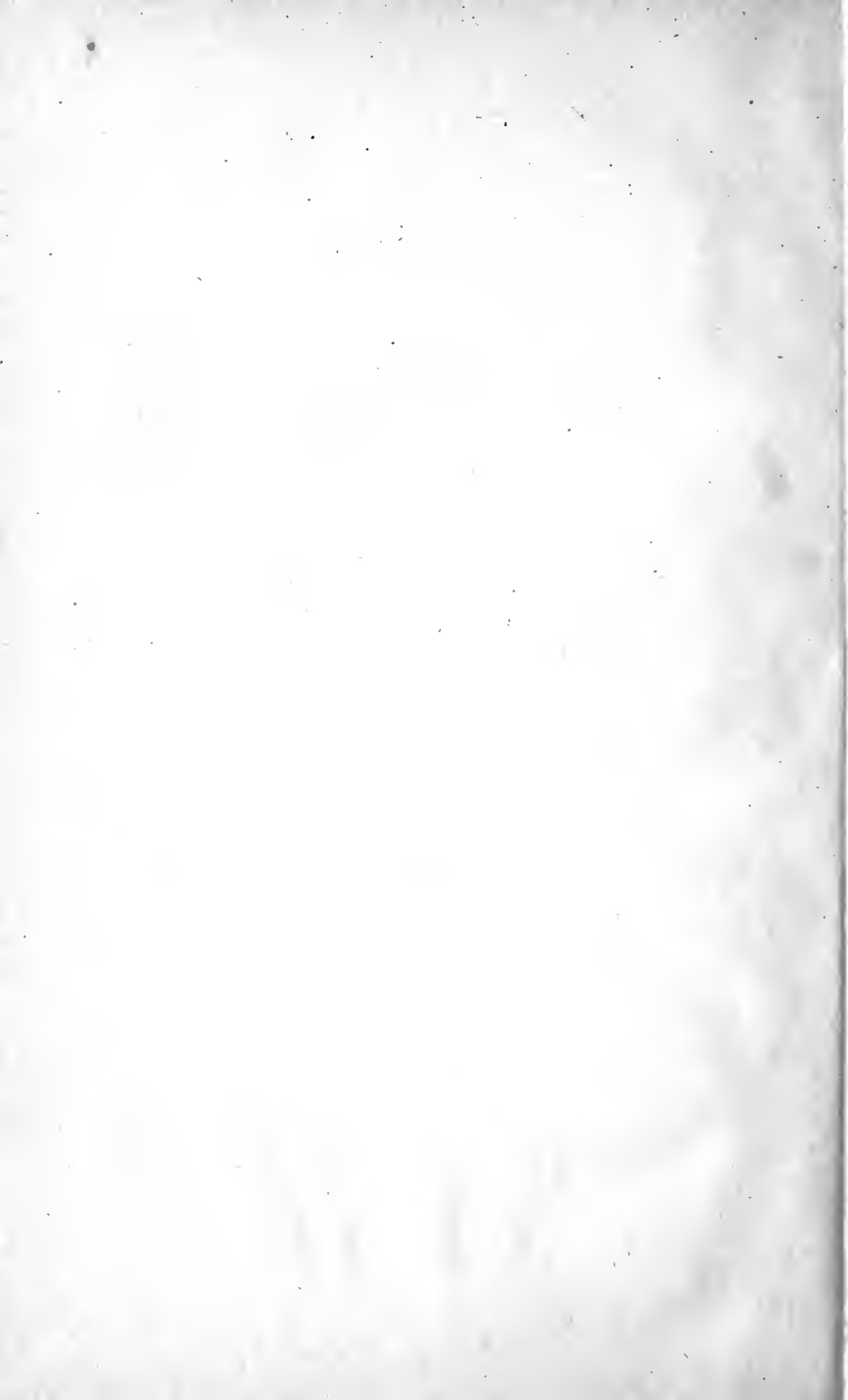
THE AUTHOR.

Seattle, Wash., Dec. 10, 1918.

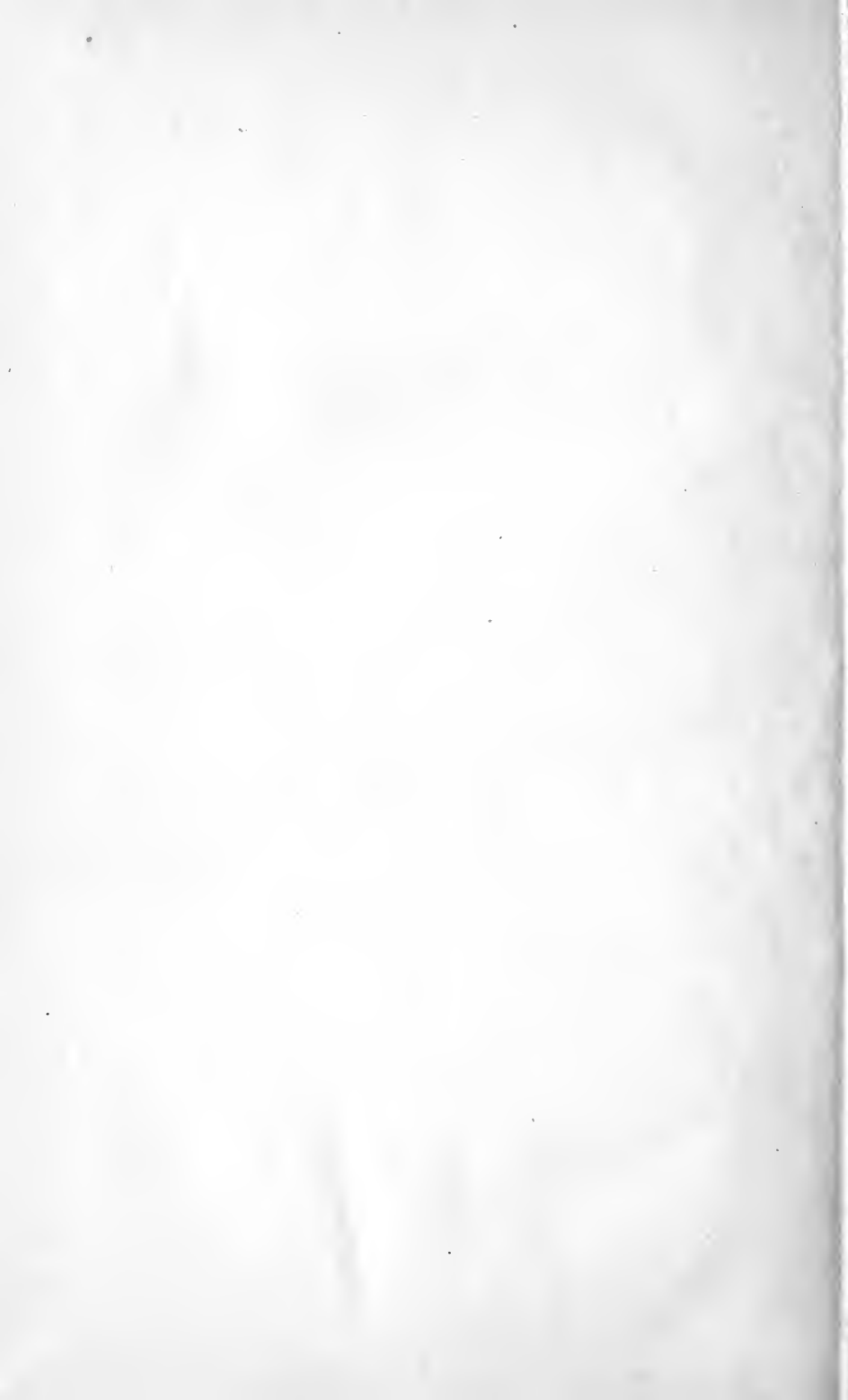


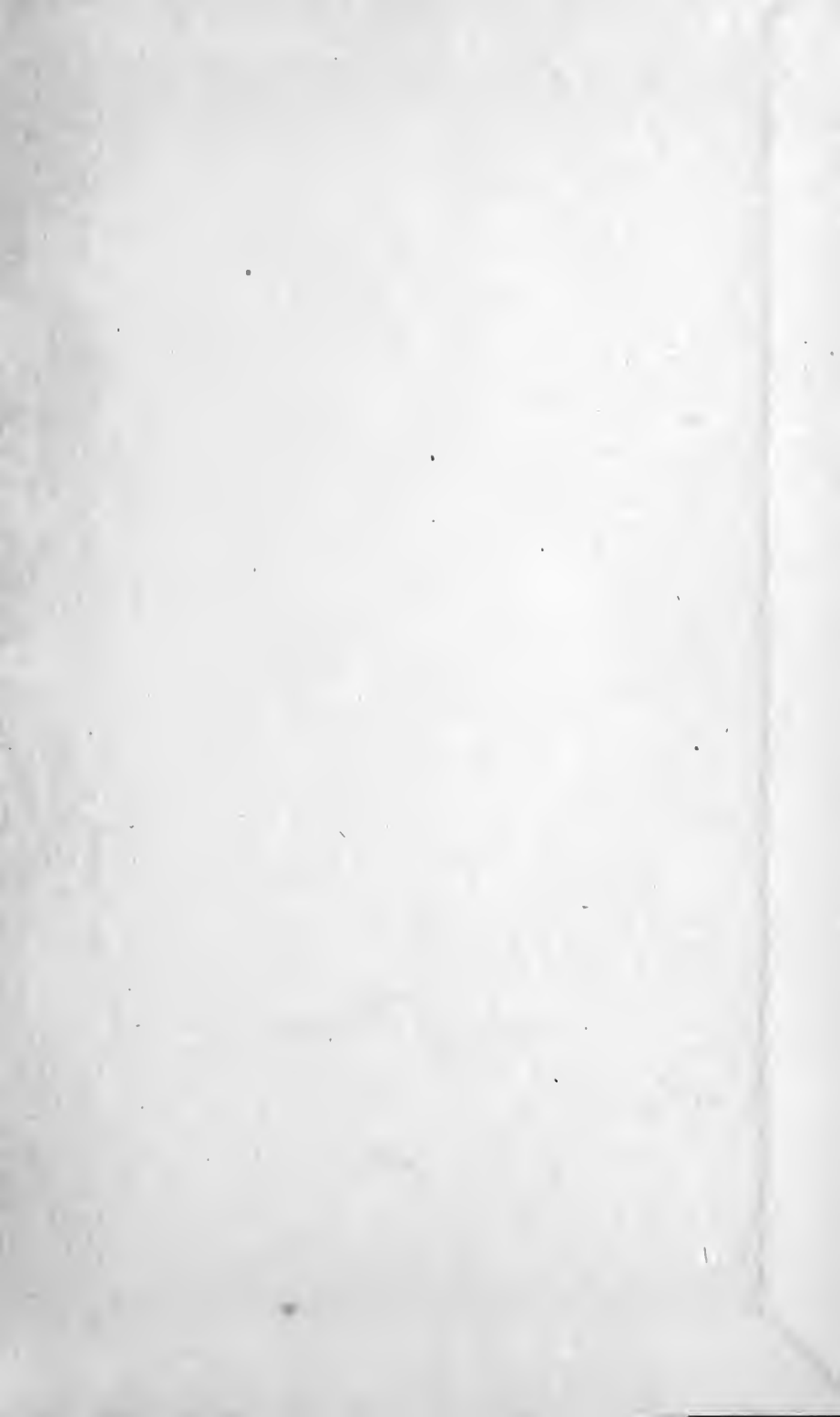












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